



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

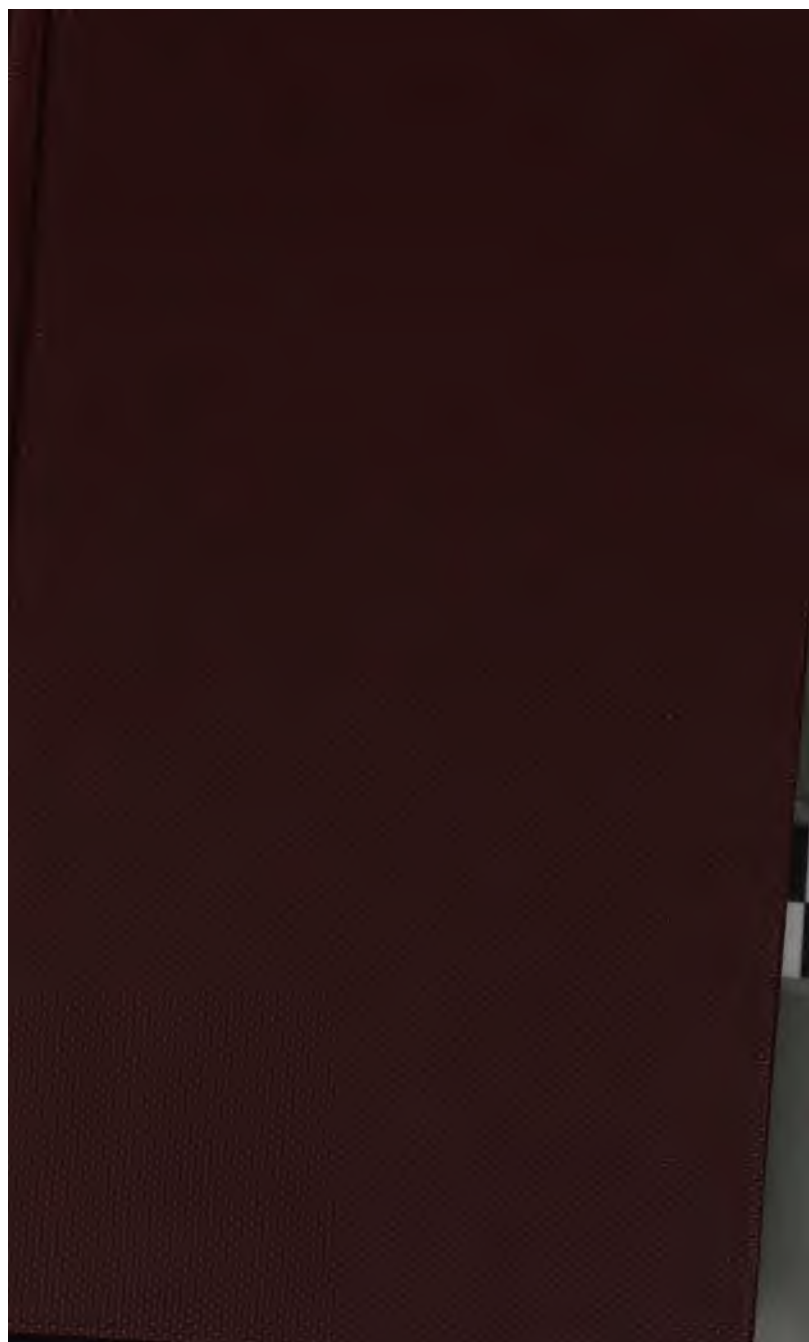
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





Ital 2148.56.2

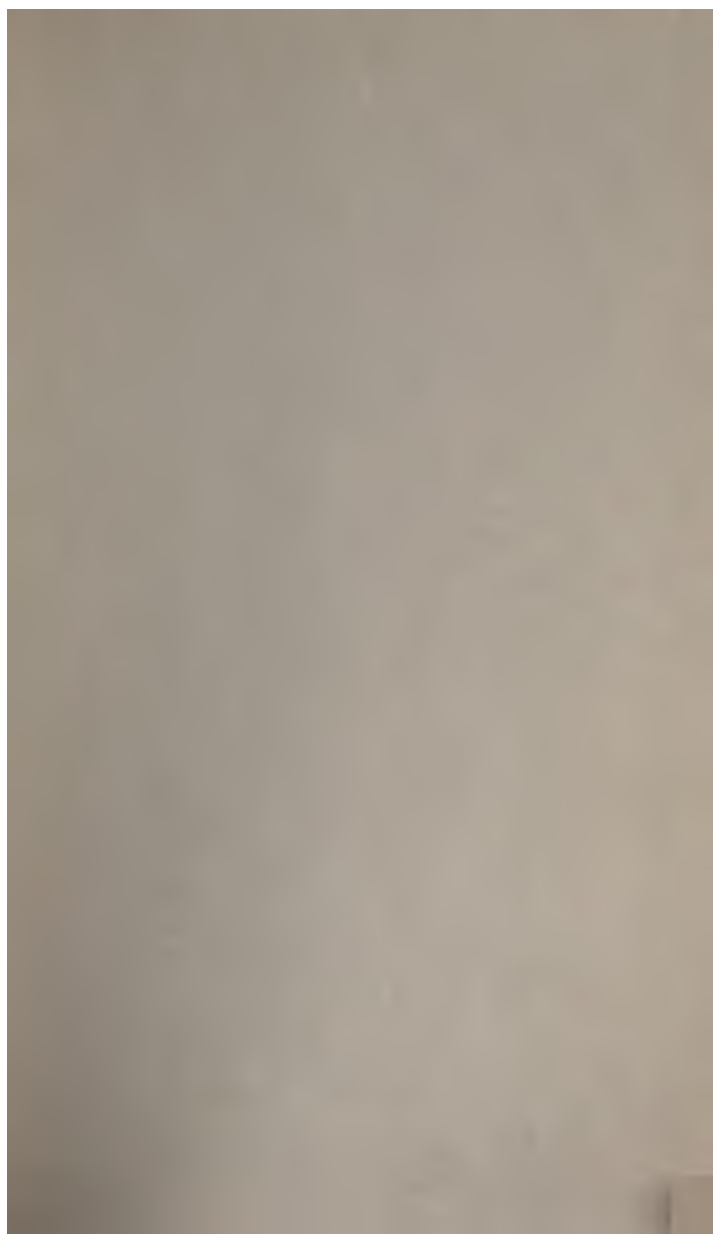
The gift of

W. N. Seaver



HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

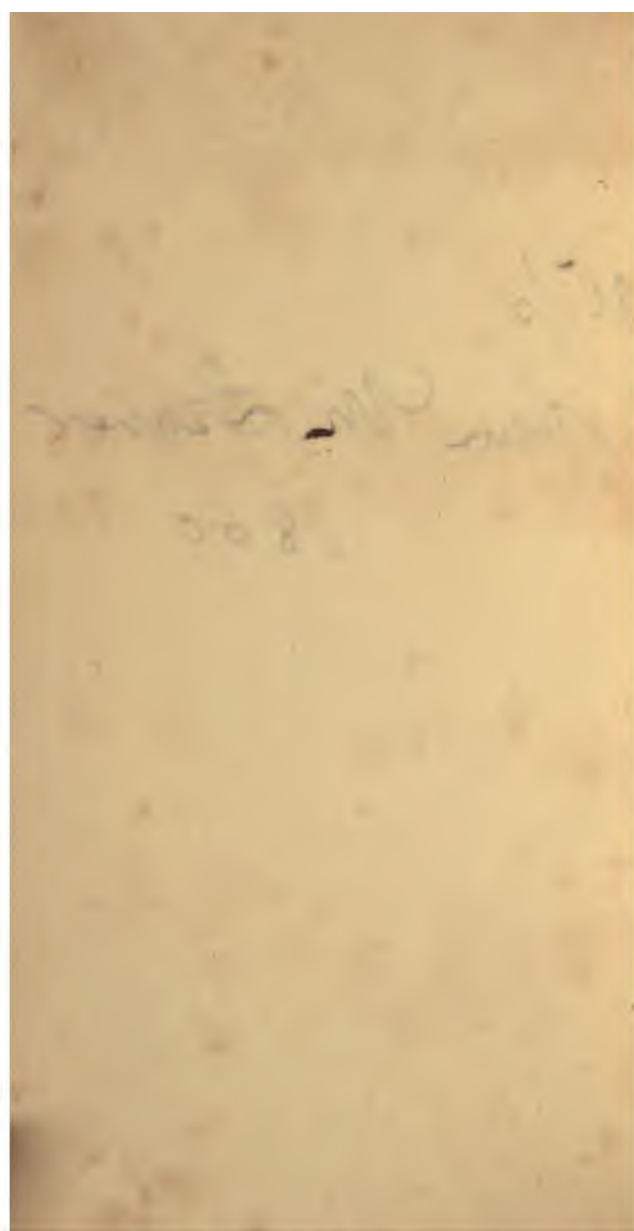


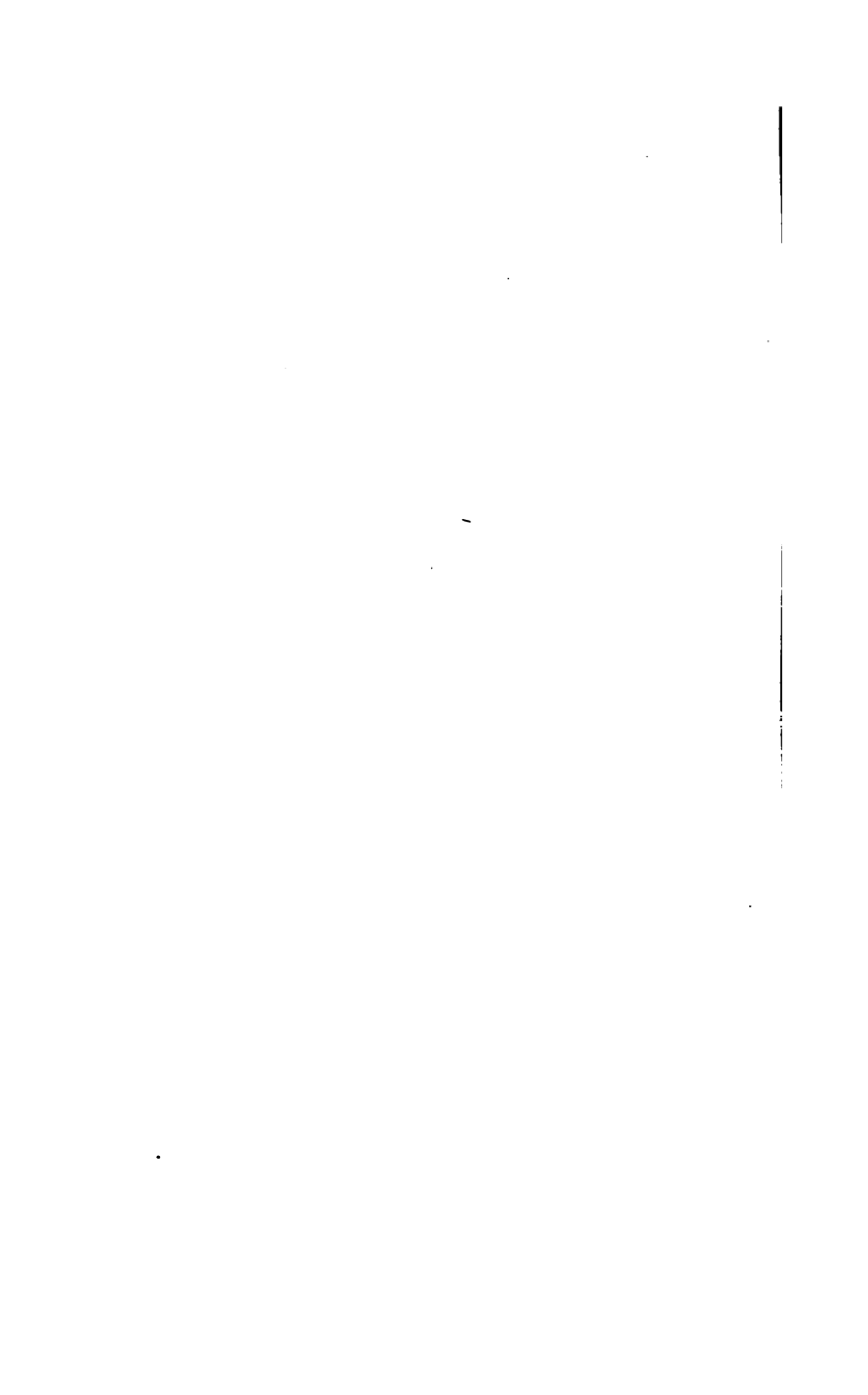


Miss

Ann M. Seaver

1860









SISTERS ABROAD

OR,

AN ITALIAN JOURNEY.

BOSTON:
WHITTEMORE, NOYES, & HALL,
NO. 26 NASSAU ST. & WHITTEMORE & CO.
1857.



THE
V

SISTERS ABROAD;

OR,

AN ITALIAN JOURNEY.

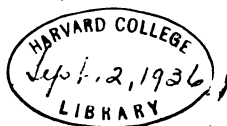
513
95

—————

BOSTON:
WHITTEMORE, NILES, & HALL,
MILWAUKIE: A. WHITTEMORE & CO.
1857.

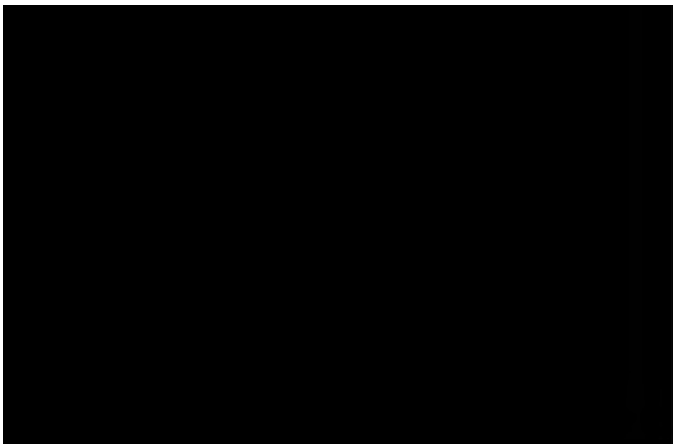
— — —

Ind 2148.56.2



Gift of W. N. Seaver,
Melrose.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
WHITTEMORE, NILES, & HALL,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massa-
chusetts.



**" Know'st thou the land, where flowers of citron bloom,
The golden orange glows thro' leafy gloom,
From the blue heaven the breezes float so bland,
The myrtles still, and tall the laurels stand ?
Know'st thou the land ? "**

GOETHE.

TO
THE MEMORY OF
ELLEN FULLER CHANNING,
This Volume
— WRITTEN FOR HER CHILDREN —
IS DEDICATED.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.	
GOING ABROAD,	1
CHAPTER II.	
HATTIE'S FIRST LETTER,	3
CHAPTER III.	
GIBRALTAR,	13
CHAPTER IV.	
ROCK OF GIBRALTAR,	20
CHAPTER V.	
THE REVIEW,	24
CHAPTER VI.	
GENOA,	29
CHAPTER VII.	
SHORES OF AMALFI,	37
CHAPTER VIII.	
HELEN TO HER MOTHER,	49
CHAPTER IX.	
VESUVIUS,	53
CHAPTER X.	
SHORES OF AMALFI,	60
CHAPTER XI.	
HATTIE TO ALFRED,	63
CHAPTER XII.	
ROME,	79
CHAPTER XIII.	
ST. PETER'S,	86

	CHAPTER XIV.	
LESSONS,		92
	CHAPTER XV.	
HATTIE TO HER MOTHER,		98
	CHAPTER XVI.	
HATTIE TO THE CHILDREN,		108
	CHAPTER XVII.	
FROM HELEN'S JOURNAL,		121
	CHAPTER XVIII.	
KATE TO FANNY,		128
	CHAPTER XIX.	
FROM HATTIE'S JOURNAL,		148
	CHAPTER XX.	
HOLY WEEK,		159
	CHAPTER XXI.	
AN EXCURSION,		171
	CHAPTER XXII.	
HATTIE TO ALFRED,		186
	CHAPTER XXIII.	
LAST WEEK IN ROME,		198
	CHAPTER XXIV.	
THE JOURNEY,		206
	CHAPTER XXV.	
FLORENCE,		215
	CHAPTER XXVI.	
HATTIE TO MARGARET,		225
	CHAPTER XXVII.	
PISA,		235
	CHAPTER XXVIII.	
BAGNI DI LUCCA,		242
	CHAPTER XXIX.	
VENICE,		263

THE SISTERS' ITALIAN JOURNEY.

CHAPTER I.

GOING ABROAD.

YES, it was really true, and all settled at last, that Helen and Hattie were to accompany their uncle Allan, and Will, their cousin, to Italy, for a year, at least. It had been talked about all the spring and summer; and Mr. Thornton was so certain that the change of climate would cure Helen's cough, which had troubled her ever since she had the scarlet fever, the winter before; and he was such a dear Uncle and friend to them, that at last after many consultations, and some tears, the matter was settled, and papa, and mamma, and the little sisters and brothers, must make up their minds to let Helen and Hattie go.

"Now, Hattie," said Alfred, "you will write us

good letters, about everything, and all your adventures."

"I don't believe it's the fashion to have adventures, Alf; Uncle says the famous banditti have been stared out of countenance by so many travellers, and I am sorry for it. I should not mind having the carriage attacked."

"No," said little Lizzie, who was listening, "because Uncle would not let you be hurt."

The voyage was expected to be of value for the cough, and Mr. Thornton took passage in a sailing vessel, bound to the Mediterranean.

Perhaps an account of some of the interesting, new, and amusing sights and ways of another country, which they enjoyed, will instruct and please other young girls, and boys, who may, or may not, be so fortunate as to follow their example.

CHAPTER II.

HATTIE'S FIRST LETTER HOME.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!

* * * * *

With the blue above and the blue below!

At Sea, Sept. 17th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

You did not think that I should be the first to write; but poor Helen has been so very ill, that nothing is to be expected from her. I am sitting on deck close to the mattress on which she is lying; she says, "I wish I could write to mamma, but now I feel too weak." I have so much to tell! dear papa, mamma, and all: first, after we slowly left the wharf and saw the last wave of the white handkerchiefs, I forgot that I was glad to be going to Italy, and nothing but seeing Helen's tears kept me from going to cry by myself; but I called Will, and he took us below; and there I begged Helen to help me put

all our things just as we wanted them, in that odd little coop, they call a state-room. Will was so droll about our "fixings," and tormented us about the quantity of baggage, and Uncle came, and soon I got into a frolic with him.

The passengers are Mr. Russel, his sister Kate, quite a young lady, and his little daughter May, very bright—and so pretty. We all met at tea, and were obliged to get acquainted as soon as possible.

Miss Russel is lively, and makes us laugh when nothing else can. They had great trouble in finding a person on board who could milk the goat, which is brought for May; but at last, one sailor, who said he had lived on a farm, contrived to get half a cup full!

We sat on deck till quite late that evening, talking, and luckily it amused Helen, and kept off the home-sickness till the other sickness came on. When we went below at last, I peeped into Miss Russel's state-room to look at little May, fast-asleep in her crib, as snug as if she were at home.

Helen chose the lower berth, because she said I was really fond of climbing, and we thought it was all easy to manage, and quite comfortable. We talked about you, and all at home,

and thanked you for your kind remembrance of us.

Sometimes we started at strange noises over our heads, and once it seemed as if all the sailors were jumping up and down for the pleasure of it; but it turned out to be "tacking."

But oh, the next morning! I was awake first, and everything was rolling, and the water dashing close to our berths and coming in through the port-hole.

It all made me dizzy, and I shut my eyes; but Helen spoke, and asked me to hand her the cologne-bottle. "Are you sick," said I, but she only groaned, and I found the bottle in its nice straw case, Alfred's present, and was just reaching it over the side of my berth down to her hand, when I was so giddy, and then came a plunge, and away I went down upon the floor. The bottle struck the trunk and did not break, and Helen screamed, "Hatty, are you killed?" Not being killed, I could answer, and found I was able to get up and sit upon the trunk, and really was not hurt except a bruised feeling; but the queerest part of it was, that I felt better after it, and have never been sea-sick, or even dizzy since.

But Helen was so bad! and the vessel rolled

and pitched awfully, and when at last I looked into the cabin, I saw only Will, sitting bolt upright against the wall, perfectly white, with one shoe in his hand, and his hat on.

“Where are you going?” I inquired. “Oh, don’t plague me, let me alone, Hattie,” was all the answer I could get, and the most doleful face you ever saw.

Then I heard a weak voice in the state-room next ours, begging somebody to send some one else with a little fresh water; this was Miss Russel; but her woman, who was a new hand, could not move, and I seized a pitcher, and went *forward* to persuade some of the men to draw the water from the cask. Luckily I met Thomas, or I never could have come down stairs with it. Was it not fortunate that I fell out of my birth, mamma, or I might not have discovered that I was able to walk and talk, when no one else could?

I helped Helen, and dressed May, and at last persuaded Will to struggle on deck; but he will never get over my being well, when he could not move. Uncle appeared, looking pale, but pleasant as usual about everything, and very sorry for Helen.

They all wanted tea, and when at last the break-

fast was ready, — we had blue mugs, with handles, to drink out of, and prepared milk, which Helen did not like to think of, it looked so like chalk — the poor things could not taste the tea. Uncle and I were the only passengers at table.

But I must tell you of the next night; it rained and blew hard all day; I went on deck now and then to see the great waves, rolling, and breaking, throwing the spray high into the air; but generally I stayed below, to help the others, and tell May stories; Uncle would come and look at us, and say he wished he could do anything for us, in his bright way, and then, before we could answer, he would stagger back, and disappear up the companion-way.

All night the vessel seemed to be mad, she danced so from one side to the other; and when we were sitting at supper, all except Miss Russel and Helen, we heard a rushing noise, and down through the scuttle, just over the table, came a wave, putting out the binnacle light, and leaving us all in the dark; I had a splash of water, and a little went in my mouth; somebody cried, “are we drowned?” but the Captain ordered a light; and we saw such a table; everything standing in water: of course I went to bed without any supper; and though Helen pitied me a great deal,

she said she did hope it would wash away that horrid chalk mixture I was so fond of in my tea, and so we had a good laugh.

When I was almost asleep, there came a new noise, and that was a barrel, pitching out of the store room opposite, and leaving a great bank of brown sugar at our door; then another commotion because May's crib was loose, and afterwards a splashing and dashing sound, but I was too sleepy to hear any more of it.

In the morning, Miss Russel told me that she heard the waves against her door, in the night, but she concluded the Captain would see to it, and saved it for a good story in her journal.

"Here are your waves," said I, and I showed her some white beans, in my hand, which had been emptied out of a box, after the barrel, and rattled against her door—"Oh you've spoiled my best adventure, you naughty child," she cried.

Was not that a good deal in one night?

I write a little in this letter every day, which will make a journal of the voyage for you, and I can see the boy's looking over your shoulder to read with you.

Now the storms are over, and about ten o'clock, we all come on deck. Helen is helped up, and laid on the mattress, like a bundle, the

rest of us sit about studying Italian and French, and watching the sailors; little May has learned the sea noises of the men; and talks about "hauling the main brace!"

Will has found a young Englishman, before the mast, who is so fascinating to him, that he has just enticed him up the rigging, where he sits like an eagle far above us, and I long to follow.

Tuesday. — To day, dear mother, Helen is sitting up, and, she tells me to say, with her head where a head ought to be, only with nothing in it.

We talk a good deal of what we expect to do, and see, and Kate, as she asks us to call her — has great plans for our living near each other, in Rome, and going everywhere with her.

Helen enjoys hearing them talk about pictures and such things, and says that Mr. Russel would teach me a great deal, if I listened. I do wonder what I shall care most about!

Uncle says I only care for play; but truly, dear mamma, I try to think very seriously of all there will be to learn, and remember well what you said to us about it. Helen knows a great deal more than I do, and then she has so much love for scenery!

Friday. — We have been becalmed four days,

and begin to wonder if we ever shall get anywhere. All round us still is the sea, blue and salt, and our sails flap so lazily; we never yet have seen a vessel near enough to distinguish people on board, which would be such a comfort.

I had to stop as a shower came up, and we were driven into the cabin, except Helen, who suffers so much below, that Uncle consented to leave her under his India rubber coat, which covered her nicely; but he must have left a crack open, for when I came up soon after, the goat was making off with one of Helen's shoes in her mouth; she is such a rogue! Will and I had a chase after the shoe, which ended in the Caboose, where I just saved it from falling into a kettle of soup!

Uncle declared that from the flavor of some of the dishes, the goat must have had a hand in them before; "or a foot," said Kate.

We saw the spout of a whale and some porpoises yesterday.

Dear Uncle has been so kind, he is the best man in the world! Helen and I wish that most people who are rich, had such a heart. Mr. Russel has found him out, and said to me once, that with Uncle, money seems to be a servant, and that every one must see he is a good master.

Do you ever think of us, mamma, sitting up late at night, on deck, looking at the stars, and learning their names, as we slowly move into another world? The evenings are our best times: Will and I walk the deck, and he repeats sailors' stories, or we hop into the boat, which hangs astern, and sit among the cabbages, watching the sunset. Helen looks after us, and wishes she could follow, but her head is too weak. Kate and Uncle sing old-fashioned sea-songs.

But the mornings are our worst times. Helen only has molasses and water for breakfast. May cannot get her hair curled, and goat won't give half milk enough; it's the only time I cannot get a smile out of Uncle—but we may have seen the last of them, for the Captain says he can smell land, to-night, and expects me to do so too, but I tell him I do not know the smell at a distance.

We shall be sorry to part with the men, who have worked hard to bring us safely here, although they have made us scold so about the sea.

“ The dark, inconstant sea !
The ever dashing, ever splashing,
The bubbling, boiling sea ! ”

Shall we really see land tomorrow? Yes,

if the Captain is a faithful smeller! These may be my last words on board, dear friends, so good night.

HATTIE.

CHAPTER III.

GIBRALTAR.

“Through Calpe’s Straits survey the steepy shore,
Europe and Afric’ on each other gaze.”

VERY early on the morning of the eighth of October, Helen heard on deck the cry, “coast of Africa in sight.”

She was quick enough in dressing for once, and ran up to see for herself.

There was a range of low hills on the right, which grew higher and higher; and then land on the other side, the coast of Spain, and they were soon entering Calpe’s Straits.

All the passengers assembled in a short time; and some had their breakfast on deck, so pleasant was the sight of land. The vessel ran along for some hours near enough to the Spanish side to see villages and trees quite plainly, with a back-ground of fine mountains, and a few snow-peaks.

“There,” said the Captain, “is the Rock of

Gibraltar, just peeping over that hill in front of us." And soon the great rocky head came in view, thirteen hundred feet above the water.

"Uncle," cried Hattie, "I see the town; how pretty the houses and gardens are on the steep side of the Rock."

"Gibraltar," echoed Will, "our first foreign city; how I long to stand on land again; but see, the Captain is sending a man up the rigging to show our flag; he says without that signal they would fire on us from the Rock; and now they see us and will send us a welcome shot."

And now all the passengers were bustling up and down the companion-way, getting dressed for shore, and putting their things in order. The children looked over at the little native boats with such queer old fishermen, and were amused at being invited to buy some fish, which seemed the last thing they wanted at that moment.

Then the health officers came under the vessel's side, and stared at them all standing ranged side by side, to make sure there was no sickness on board, before landing.

At last, the girls saw that their Uncle had engaged a boat, and they were glad enough to be let down into it with a few carpet bags, and in a very hot sun to row to the town.

After the custom-house formalities on first landing, they walked up to the hotel, and the girls were constantly exclaiming at the strange sights, and odd looking people; old Turks, with great white turbans and flowing robes of cloth. Little Spanish boys, with scarlet caps and long black tassels — full sleeves, and loose trowsers; tall, yellow colored Arabs, in white flannel dressing gowns, and white head dresses.

“ Oh, Uncle, the donkeys,” cried Hattie, “ drawing those queer little carts, piled up with green things, and what a strange name that street has, — Bedlam Ramp.” *

“ Yes, where I shall have to leave you, if you scream so much,” said he, laughing.

“ How can I help it, dear Sir, when I see so many odd, new things; oh, here is the fruit market; what piles of figs, and those pretty red things?”

“ Those are pomegranates,” said he, stopping to buy a heap, and then laughing, because as he said he did not know how to pay for them.

“ Here, Captain, help me out of this scrape,” he called out; “ have you any Gibraltar coin about you?”

The matter was soon settled, and the pome-

* Rampart.

granates declared to be good, in spite of their tasting sweet and sour at the same time.

"Take care, Hattie," cried Will, as they passed through a very narrow street, "you will be run over; don't you hear the drivers calling to us to get out of the way? I never saw such driving!"

"Well, children," said their Uncle as they reached the steps of the hotel, "I don't know how you may feel about it, but I shall not be sorry to see what sort of a dinner they will give us, in this strange land."

They hardly knew what to make of being able to sit still in chairs, instead of being bounced against doors and walls; and when the Russels arrived in a carriage soon after, they concluded it would be quite safe to eat soup, without its spilling all over them; the first dinner in Spain proved to be a very nice one, with the exception of the bread, which might as well have been composed of the Rock itself, well pounded and baked, it was so hard, and made up into little baskets, with handles, which amused May so much that she asked if she might keep one for her baby-house.

Helen and Hattie, when they were dressing next morning, discovered at the top of their room,

cut in the wall, a small door ; they were late, and determined to examine it afterwards, and talked a good deal at breakfast about what it could be meant for. Will laughed so much at the mystery they made of it, that they refused to let him come with them ; but he said he had something better to do, and didn't care.

Kate went with them, to look at it, and Hattie found a little pair of steps which shut into the wall under the mysterious door ; these were made evidently to reach it with, and Hattie arranged them, and mounted first.

She looked in, through the door which she pulled open, and said there was only a small empty room, with nothing in it except a low iron bedstead in one corner ; Kate and Helen ran up to look in too, and they were quite satisfied that it was a dismal place to sleep in, and were just coming down, when they heard a strange jabbering sound, and in a moment the door slammed to, perhaps by the wind, and left the three girls in the dark, in this awful little room.

Somebody seemed to be running round the edge of the chamber, and making a sound that was half talking. Hattie, who was the boldest of the three, said, "who are you? open the door?"

Helen, less afraid of this, than of the waves, tried to find the door, while Kate trembled all over, as she whispered, she thought it was some insane person, confined there. Then there was a jump, on the bed, and a sort of scream; Helen found the wall, and knocked on it, as loud as she could, thinking it was on the side of their room; suddenly, something patted Hattie on the arm, and she cried out, "There, it's Will, he's playing a trick on us; I'm not in the least afraid of you, I'll catch hold of you, sir!"

Just as she caught the hand, that held her arm, and which felt rather oddly, something opened suddenly, letting in a flood of light; and there stood the girls, in this little room, with a large monkey on the end of the bed, just behind Hattie, who was holding his paw; Kate leaning against the wall, very pale, and Helen feeling for the door.

Will stood on the great stair-case, bursting with laughter, and jumped into the room, to release Hattie, who seemed too much astonished to free herself from the monkey.

Then they all laughed so loud, that Mr. Russel, and their Uncle, and some other gentlemen, ran up stairs to see what was going on, and

some Spanish servants, and one or two Arabs, who were lounging about, followed, till there was a complete crowd.

The monkey belonged to one of the men, and had escaped into this room, which opened on one side, by a door upon the main stair-case; and by some curious chance, in this peculiar way, connected with the girls' room on the other. Will said he heard the knocking, and seeing the door on the stairs, opened it, without knowing where it might lead; he was very much obliged to Hattie, for the compliment she paid his hands, and gave her a few pats, to make her remember them next time; the girls described, as well as they could, how they felt in the dark, with the strange thing rushing about; and then one of the Arabs, who had lived a long time in Gibraltar, and could speak some English, told them other amusing stories of monkeys, with which he said the Rock was once covered.

Their Uncle advised them, in future, to be sure of their company, before venturing into mysterious chambers, built high in the wall, without windows; and Hattie said she should always believe there had been something terrible connected with that little room, worse even than the monkey plot!

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

"HERE come the donkeys," exclaimed Will, as they stood at the window, "now, girls, for the Rock."

"Little May is to ride on her father's horse, is she not?" asked Hattie, "but Will, how oddly that haystack looks, half way up the Rock, just as if it would roll down, and hit the houses; and see, the pretty farm and gardens, so very near the top."

"That is the governor's country seat," observed a gentleman who sat near them reading the newspaper.

"All ready!" called Uncle Allan, putting his head in at the door; "Helen, and Hattie, let us see how you ride donkey-back."

"With our feet on these little boards," asked Helen, "don't you think we shall slip off?"

"No danger, my dear," said her Uncle, "sit as far back as you can; now jump; all right! What's

the matter with you, Hattie? oh, that strap is too short; all right now!

"*Antar!*" cried the donkey guide, and the party, nine in all, wound up the narrow, stone-paved, steep streets, leading to the Rock. Every window showed some curious face, staring at the strangers; and the little black-eyed Spanish children ran after them, as they mounted higher and higher, above the houses at last, where they caught views of the sea, and hills, and looked back upon the town, under them; as the ladies' saddles were little chairs, placed sideways on the animals, it was easy to look behind.

Hattie concluded that donkey-riding was a very pleasant affair, and tried to make hers walk a little faster; but as her guide generally helped himself up hill, by holding on to the creature's tail, it was slow progress.

They reached the Galleries, which are cut through the Rock; challenged the guard, and were admitted through an iron grating, into a long, dark passage; here, they had torches; and the only sound beside their voices was the clatter of the donkeys' feet.

At last they dismounted; the roof was so low, and a fine-looking English officer took them in charge, and explained the uses, and names, of

these wonderful Galleries. They passed continually loop holes, narrow slits, like windows, cut in the massive walls, each guarded by a cannon; and heaps and heaps of cannon balls, of all sizes, lay about.

"Look through this hole," cried Kate Russel, "down into that little village, where the cows look like dogs, and the houses like play-things; how very high we are; and what a grand castle this makes! What is that narrow strip of land?" she asked of the officer; "and the stretch of country beyond?"

"That is Spain," he answered; "and the narrow strip of land, which separates the city from it, is called *neutral ground*; here in the town, all belongs to the English; and as you see, we defend it from the Spaniards, in case of an attack, by these cannon, at every loop-hole."

Our party came out again at last, into the open air — May was very glad to see the sun — and gained the top of the Rock, from which they saw the Mediterranean, and coast of Africa well; and on the west, the soft hills of Spain. The descent was steep, the road winding, and overlooking many pretty gardens, which themselves seemed to over-hang the town.

"Now we might stop at the hay-stack, Will,"

said Hattie; "and make sure of its being tight, and if we find it is not, perhaps we can persuade the donkeys to give the alarm, in a good bray;" but she found that the road, so broad and smooth, did not turn off into any such freaks, and that she must let her donkey follow the others silently, in their solemn descent.

CHAPTER V.

THE REVIEW.

THE next day came an invitation from a gentleman, to whom Mr. Thornton had letters, to drive to see the Parade, and to dine with his family at six o'clock.

Helen was writing her first letter home, and did not go with the rest to the parade ground. In about two hours, Hattie returned to tell Helen they had seen lines and lines of soldiers run, and kneel, and fire; but on the whole, she thought it was hardly worth sitting so long in the sun to see.

"But then," added she, "it was rather grand to be in Mr.——'s carriage, and have the other ladies wonder who we were; perhaps they took us for English, Helen?"

"That did not make you any cooler, sitting in the sun, Hattie?"

"Oh Helen, you are so much wiser than I am!"

Pretty soon, Hattie came away from the window where she had been staring into the square, and reminded Helen of the dinner, suddenly exclaiming, that they had no proper dresses to wear on shore. She ran to tell her Uncle, and they were soon on their way to the wharf.

The wind had been blowing a gale in the night, and the harbor was covered with white caps. As there was a struggle among the men who owned the boats, to secure this party, they contrived to get what they did not want, a sail-boat; at least Helen, who was rather a coward, preferred a row-boat. She soon saw how the Latteen sail, very graceful to look at filled with wind, and leaned to one side.

"Gracious," she cried, "how it is leaning over on my side; this wave has come all over me! Hattie, doesn't it frighten you? I wish it would!"

"No," laughed Hattie, "I admire it; my mouth is full of spray; how we dance along!"

"Never mind, Helen," said her Uncle, "sit close to me, and we will learn to be brave."

"Oh, you are brave enough, Uncle; I never have any company in my fears, which would be such a consolation. What are they doing now?" she exclaimed, as the sailors tacked; "now Hat-

tie gets the water, and we are up in the air. Uncle, we shall upset!"

But he told her there was no real danger, though it looked rather bad, and she must sit still and try to bear it. He spoke rather seriously, which was so unlike his usual manner, that Helen did not speak again; she hid her face against his arm, till she felt them tack, and heard Hattie exclaim:

"Now, Helen, look up, we are close to the vessel!" Helen did venture to raise her head, and saw her pointed bows high above them, and the waves rushing past her. The sailors brought the boat as near along-side as possible, and made Mr. Thornton understand that each must jump for the steps, which hung over the vessel's side, as the boat approached, one at a time; but he declared this was the true danger, and that he should go alone, and bring a trunk back with him.

He reached the steps just as a wave carried the boat off again, and disappeared into the cabin. "I would not have mounted that ladder for the world," said Helen.

"But I would, with all my heart, if Uncle had allowed; I should have liked that jump and the

boat off the next instant; how I wish Will had come; but what are you getting up such a watery smile about, Helen?"

"I was thinking how different we are, and that now all the 'wisdom' is on your side; are you ever afraid of anything, Hattie?"

"Yes, I had a regular fright, yesterday, coming down one of the steepest paths from the Rock, and I was ashamed to tell you about it afterwards; my donkey walked faster than the rest, and I was in front with only that little guide I had, when I saw a terrible looking old man, hurrying over the hill side, making the most extraordinary signs to us; and I made up my mind it was a Spanish robber, going to cut my throat, and I really trembled so that I could hardly sit in my chair, as he reached us, and seizing the boy's bridle, began some strange jabbering, when just at that moment Mr. Russel came up, and called to us that this was his old man come to see about selling a goat; there, Helen, so much for my courage on that occasion; but here comes Uncle! What a spring; you've almost upset us!"

The wind and waves sent them flying back, straight to the wharf, and the Spanish dinner party turned out a very pleasant affair.

The next morning they parted with their friends, who went to Naples, by the way of Malta, while they sailed in the English steamer for Genoa.

CHAPTER VI.

GENOA.

EVERYTHING on board the Steamer was "Mag." as May said, when she went on board to see it, from the dignified Captain and rotund steward, down to the ship-biscuit. They were all on deck, every day, comfortably studying Italian phrases, or watching the novel proceedings of the smutty engine-men, who were continually passing, close to the upper deck. They were also amused by an Arab, who was clad in several layers of white flannel, and would bring a square piece of rich carpet to sit upon, as much as to say, he chose to have the world to himself, as far as possible, and offered them small bits of something white, and sweet; of course they could not say anything in return, but smiled their thanks. The fat steward was always to be seen, shuffling along from the kitchen with an immense round of beef or mutton, and sometimes a mysterious bottle.

But Genoa is in sight, its bright houses and

* Magnificent.

villas covering the hill side, and they are in the harbor, crowded with shipping.

They discussed the probabilities of ever getting on shore, and watched the bringing up of the cargo, from a hold below deck; saw the officers come on board for an examination of the cargo, and themselves; and were much entertained by the crowd of starers, who pulled along side, in little boats. Now and then a vessel would insist upon crowding past them, and cause a terrible creaking and groaning of ropes and timbers, and screaming of men, in that strange jargon, very unlike the sweet language farther south.

It was full three hours before the passengers were free to leave the steamer, and the last thing they saw was the big steward, staggering down the cabin stairs, under the weight of a heavy dish for the six officers, who wanted a lunch.

Our friends were safely landed at the steps of the Dogana, or custom-house, and hurried through the market-place, across the broad street, filled with a crowd of vehicles, and all sorts of people, screaming and pushing to the Hotel Feder, just opposite.

"They are bringing us into a coach-house," exclaimed Will.

"Follow the luggage, and we shall get to some-

thing better, or at least higher," said his father, as they began to mount a flight of broad stone stairs, terminating in an open gallery, which enclosed the hollow square, on the lower floor of which the coaches stood, and still continuing to climb, as it seemed, full six stories, at least.

"What a grand room," said Helen, as they opened a small pair of green and gilt folding doors, "such a beautiful ceiling; but come to the window," as she ran to it, "and look down into this square, filled with people!"

"There's a Priest," cried Will, "I've seen him in a picture before now, with his shovel hat on; look this way, girls, at that tray covered with dancing figures; and what a droll old woman, riding on a mule, with a whole train behind, covered with bells and trappings! and see, are those nuns? no, they can't be—in white muslin affairs on their heads, which come down to their eyebrows; this is a jolly look-out! father, let's be off to see the sights."

"Oh yes," said Hattie, "up those narrow alleys, where only men and donkeys seem to turn in."

They were soon in the square, and looking up at the hotel, discovered, in spite of the queer entrance, that it was an imposing building, with richly carved cornices and windows; *formerly the Palace of the Admiralty.*

And now what a merry time they have, twisting and turning in and out of the narrow, paved lanes, sometimes losing their way, and then finding themselves in the place they started from, for the children begged not to have a guide, and Will took the invaluable "Murray," under his arm; constantly seeing some droll sight, as they peeped into windows, and shop doors, although nearly the whole of Genoa seemed to be outside the houses, buying or selling all kinds of vegetables, fruit, and fish; cooking, chattering, and laughing.

When they were at last tired with walking, Mr. Thornton called a carriage, and ordered the driver to make a *giro*, which meant a circuit of the city.

And first they drove through the stately Strada Nuova, lined with magnificent palaces, where, through the great iron gateways, they saw under arches and columns beautiful flowers, and sparkling fountains.

Hattie begged that they might walk in one of these lovely court-yards, so they passed through the high portal, into the *cortile*, fresh and cool from the shade of trees and falling water.

Up marble stairs into a grand *galleria*, from which they entered the lofty halls, sixty feet in

height, and ornamented with brilliant frescoes; which are paintings on the ceiling, that nearly cracked their necks to look at.

Stepping out of the long windows, they found a beautiful garden, full of oranges and pomegranates, and all sorts of flowers.

The girls were speechless with wonder and delight; this was their first Palace, and it seemed to be that unreal one, with which the "Arabian nights," had always been tantalizing them.

When they were satisfied that it was real and no fairy tale, they returned to the carriage, and drove to the Light house, at one point of the harbor, which rises three hundred feet from the rock on which it is built. After seeing it, they stopped at the Palazzo Doria Pamfili, and went into the gardens which extend to the sea.

"Here I should like to stay, Uncle," said Hattie, "under the orange trees; what a curious fountain; is it a mermaid?"

Her Uncle told her it was said to be a likeness of one of those ladies, caught in Genoa, once upon a time. They ran up and down the long alleys, bordered with plants new and rare, till Uncle Allan's cheery voice sounded from the upper terrace, that it was time to be off to the other end of the city, to the Molo Vecchio.

"That means an 'old mole,'" exclaimed Will, "which my papa is not, at any rate!"

The last day of their stay, was given to seeing churches, and more palaces, and to the street of goldsmiths, where the shop windows are lined on the outside with cases, filled with the most delicate ornaments of gold and silver.

Afterwards they ran up the long flights of little steps which lead to the highest part of the city; with its beautiful back-ground of hills, covered with villas.

Looking down, they were delighted with the confusion of picturesque roofs, and turret-windows, festooned with vines, and flowers; sometimes they pointed out little gardens on the very tops of the houses, in which were vegetables; squashes, etc.

"I should like to come here with my sketch-book, Uncle," said Helen.

"I'm agreeable to anything you propose, except being called upon for a copy of such a chaos; I would not even engage to restore it to order."

"Oh Uncle," cried Hattie, "just as if we expected to tie you down to anything so humdrum as that; so take hold of my hand, and run all the way down these odd little steps!"

"Will," said Helen, "do let us stop a little

longer, to see the sun shining through those great windows, and lighting up the tips of the hills ; I will make Uncle go home by the Cathedral ; it is our last chance."

That evening they wandered about the streets, in some places, dark and deserted, where the moon only touched the upper balconies, just under the roofs ; and in others, brilliantly lighted, and fuller than even in the day-time, of marketing and noise ; nothing happened to them, although the girls occasionally started at some dark figure, lurking in the shadow of a high wall, and were astonished to meet children, who seemed to be playing, in some of the gloomiest places.

Before it was quite light enough to see distinctly, the next morning, Helen suddenly started up, waking Hattie, who asked her what the matter was.

"Hush," whispered she, "don't you see those soldiers standing close to the wall?"

"Soldiers in our room, what do you mean?"

"Yes, they are guarding us, but I'm so afraid of the guns," said Helen.

"Helen, wake up, you are dreaming;" and Hattie laughed so, that Helen began to think she was, "except," added she doubtfully, "that I see

them still." Hattie jumped up and moved the taper, and the soldiers vanished.

"Well, it was the most real thing I ever saw, with their shadows in the glass, and it seemed very natural that we should be grand people, lying here in state."

"Yes," said Hattie, "in this room, twenty feet high, with a gold ceiling, and painted walls, who has a better right to be a princess?"

The steamer sailed late in the afternoon, and our young party left Genoa rather sadly, thinking they should never see another place they liked as well.

There was great confusion among the crowd of vessels, and they watched with wonder, the orders of the dignified Captain, which he gave through a small silver trumpet, from the little upper deck.

"*Turn her,*" was his command, which was echoed from the wheel, "*Turn her, sir;*" "*Steady,*" — "*Steady, sir;*" and the long vessel, shuddering with the effort, came slowly round — with a snorting chorus from the engine — turning her stern to the city, from which lights were darting here and there, in a sort of mocking defiance of the last splendor of a gorgeous sunset, which had seemed to those on board, poetically inclined, like a triumphant welcome to the south.

CHAPTER VII.

NAPLES.

**"Vidi Napoli, e poi mori."
See Naples and then die.**

MORNING found the steamer far on her way to Naples, passing early the isle of Elba, so associated with memories of Napoleon, where now common mortals live in fashionable boarding houses; and Corsica, and later, the beautifully green island of Ischia, with pretty houses, and smooth lawns, sloping to the sea; and its castle on a high projecting rock.

"How near we come to the land," exclaimed Helen; "suppose we try the upper deck, to get the first view of Naples."

This was at once agreed to, and they mounted the steep stairs, close to the great hot smoke-pipes, to the Captain's post of command. Leaving Ischia behind, they saw on the left Procida, rising high out of the water.

"Ecco Napoli!"—Behold Naples—called from below an Italian, whom they had taken up at

Genoa ; and now they were in the much longed-for Bay of Naples, and Helen's heart beat faster, as she tried to remember how she used at home to think it would look, before she ever dreamed of seeing it with her own eyes.

"That small island to the left is Nisita, the Lazaretto," said the Captain, "where I should have to leave you if the authorities please to say so, and behind it is the shore of Baia and Pozzuoli ; now we are sailing over the ruins of palaces and temples, which have by the shocks of earthquakes, and the eruptions of a neighboring volcano, been absorbed into the sea."

Helen gazed earnestly into the blue water, which dashed gaily about the vessel's bows, but gave her no glimpse of its buried treasures. Beautiful was the soft line of shore, with here and there a picturesque mass of ruined wall or half-fallen arches. Pozzuoli lay higher than Baia, the fragments of Cicero's far-famed villa, crowning its heights.

They passed the great bluff of Posilippo, six or seven hundred feet high, through which passes the long tunnel ; and on the right, twenty miles across the bay, lay Capri. And before them was Vesuvius, always smoke-wreathed ; at its base clustered the villages of Portici, Resina, and An-

nunciata ; while beyond the purple peaks of Angelo, rose majestically above the beautiful towers and villas of Castel-a-mare, and Piano di Sorrento.

Our travellers held their breath, as their eyes caught, one after the other, the different points of this wondrous panorama ; brilliant clouds attended the sunset, throwing a glory over the fair city itself, as she flashed a welcome from her castle of St. Elmo, and numberless gilded domes and roofs.

Hundreds of little boats were darting here and there, in the small harbors which enclose the city, and when the steamer came to anchor, she was soon surrounded.

"This is life," exclaimed Uncle Allan, as he pointed to the long street which stretches round the bay. "There is a garden and trees, and fine houses, and here we have the great thoroughfare ; carriages, men, women, there is no end to them !"

"Yes, Uncle, how new it is to look so directly into the city, from the vessel ; we see every thing that is going on," said Hattie, "I wonder which house we shall go to."

And if they were surprised at the first appearance of Gibraltar and Genoa, how much their wonder and entertainment increased as they sat

in the boat, at the steps of the custom-house, watching the strange groups that lay, or stood about, staring at them, in every variety of rags and tatters, yet with merry, and often sly looks, eager to make something out of the new comers. A little band of musicians, fresh from the fastnesses of the AbruZZi, strolled by, and gave them a serenade on bagpipes; the men dressed in goat skins, with the hairy side out, and high pointed hats, decorated with bright flowers or feathers; the women and children in short skirts and scarlet boddices.

“Look!” cried Will, “at this cart, one horse, and twenty people in it, I declare, hanging on behind and underneath; that’s riding in style, with a priest in the middle; do you see that, Father? Come, what’s the use of sitting here. I’m for seeing more of these things.”

His father agreed to wait for some examination of books to be over, nearer the street, and though the beggars fairly disputed the passage, unless they were paid for it, they reached the corner where it was easy to see up and down the crowded way.

“What is this, Uncle?” asked Hattie, as a sort of procession approached.

Thomas applied to one of the Neapolitans in

waiting, who explained in three words "Portantino di Battesimo!"—a baptismal chair, with two bearers; first, a lady, richly dressed, sitting in a sedan chair, which looks somewhat like a shower-bath, when closed—this was open in front, and they saw a little child in the lady's lap; there were flowers on the top of the chair; a crowd of people following—and behind all the rest a friar, in a brown robe, sitting side-ways on his mule.

"What is that man about, over there, Thomas?" said Helen; "do ask one of these people; he seems to be singing."

"Oh, yes, Miss—he is singing stories from a book."

"What a crowd collected to hear him!"

"Well, children, now let's be off," said Mr. Thornton, as the officer appeared with the books; "the carriage, Thomas, to the Hotel Vittoria."

It is in vain to try to describe the odd sights and sounds which they drove through. The most dreadful deformities pursued them, till Helen had to cover her eyes; and then pretty children offered bunches of flowers—here they passed a band of prisoners returning from their day's work, two and two, with their wrists chained together; and there a fanciful stand, "Acquajuolo," decorated

with festoons and flags, at which a man was selling drinks; over the top hung great branches of lemon, covered with fruit.

But in Naples, they drive so rapidly, that it is difficult to see any thing long enough, unless you are out for the purpose of seeing; and soon they were whirled into the great open court-yard of the hotel, and reached their apartment, looking upon the Bay. The public park which borders the fine street, called "Chiaja," lay opposite the windows; nothing could be more beautiful, and to crown their pleasure, the door opened upon Kate Russel and May.

Joyful were the greetings, and great the delight to find that their friends were in the next room.

"I'm so glad you've come at last, Hattie," said May, drawing her to the window, "you will see Punch; he comes every morning underneath, and I throw coppers to him." "No wonder he comes, May, does he look like the picture-book Punch? Oh, what an odd figure that woman is, leading the baby, Helen! she is dressed in a red skirt, and yellow waist and head dress, and she is drawing along the child, by a strap round its waist; do you see her; oh, Helen, your eyes are out over the sea, among the islands and Vesuvius!"

Our party were certainly glad to rest that night, and woke next day with grateful hearts, and bitten faces. Naples musquitoes are hungry wretches, like their playfellows, the Lazzaroni, and have no mercy for unconscious travellers; but the pleasure of meeting the Russels at breakfast, and of laying plans, destroyed the sting of past trouble.

The gentlemen talked over the best plan of operations, and Mr. Thornton, who liked to know always his nieces' wishes, consulted also with them.

Helen said her choice would be to pass a week at least, on the opposite side of the Bay. To this her Uncle assented, and persuaded Mr. Russel to join them; and Hattie was happy to do whatever was fixed upon, so long as she might make sure of a good acquaintance with city life, and at least have one visit from Punch.

It was soon settled, that they would devote a few days to Naples, and then leaving their heavy baggage behind, be off with some bags and boxes, to explore the mountains and the Bay.

The weather was lovely, although late in October—like summer at home; and they started in two open carriages, appeasing some poor fellows with lame arms, or no arms, by buying large

bunches of flowers at the door, for the small sum of a "carline," eight cents! They drove through the long, narrow streets, which intersect continually. Crowds of priests, women, children, donkeys, vehicles of wonderful shapes, cooking operations, selling, boot-cleaning, and everything else imaginable, form this moving panorama. If Genoa had seemed full of busy life to them, Naples was far beyond it, and as the former was grave and earnest, the latter appeared both idle and gay in its bustle.

They passed a woman sitting at a counter under an umbrella, with piles of coppers before her; she was a money changer, "*cambia moneta*," and wore a blue skirt, green apron, and red jacket, trimmed with yellow; her hair braided, and a purple scarf tied round it; close to her side, on the ground, lay a man asleep in a long basket stuck against the wall; now and then she would poke him with a stick, and laugh, showing her white teeth. As the carriages of our party happened to be stopped by a crowd just at this place, the woman returned the merry looks they gave her.

"*Povero Facchino, è morto di fame*," said she, "*date me qualche cosa?*" holding out one hand to Hattie, who sat nearest her, at the same time laying the other on the man's mouth.

"She wants money to buy him something to eat, when he wakes up, Uncle."

"Well, Hattie, just point to those piles on the counter, and see what she says to that!"

When she did so, with a meaning look, the woman half shut her eyes, and shook her head; but just then the way was cleared, and they lost sight of her the next minute.

"What beggars they all are," exclaimed Mr. Thornton, as he handed some coppers to a miserable looking child at his side.

"See that man selling melons," Will called out, "holding one cut open, and crying them; and more cut up in little slices, besides others in heaps and baskets; these people do things in style."

But the carriages now drew up at the church of St. Severo, where are the veiled statues, and Mr. Russel was astonished at their reputation, as their merit seemed to rest wholly in a merely mechanical effect, not in the sentiment of the figure.

The dead Christ, covered with drapery, which clings like a wet garment to the limbs, through which they are plainly revealed; the figure too attenuated to be pleasing. The man under a net is also wonderful in the same way, the net falling in such soft, loose meshes, about him; how could it be of marble! wondered Hattie.

Then to the Duomo, a grand building, where service was going on at the high altar, and priests chanted with rich voices, in perfect harmony.

Afterward to the Museo Borbonico, to see particularly the Mosaics, frescoes, and bronzes, taken from Pompeii; hall after hall, they passed through, filled with household furniture for ornament and use — beautifully shaped urns and pitchers, vases, kettles, moulds, lamps, saucepans; a complete toilette set, with combs, rings, etc. In other rooms, gold ornaments, loaves of bread, cake, almonds, dates, figs, chestnuts, grapes; the forms, and sometimes the color perfectly preserved; for at the time the city of Pompeii was destroyed, everything was so closely sealed up with the ashes, that when years and years after, men began to dig there, they discovered everything as it was left; the bread in the oven, with the baker's stamp upon it, fruits on the tables, etc.

All the rest of that day till dinner, at six o'clock, was given to examining this curious collection, and much did the girls wish they might send their mother some of the pretty, graceful lamps and vases.

Hotel Vittoria is very large, and our party preferred dining at the table d'hôte, for the amuse-

ment of seeing the variety of people who collected there.

French, Spanish, English, and Americans. The dinner was excellent; the courses were soup, fish, boiled dish, roast, birds, and salad, fine vegetables, delicious "dolce," which is pudding or pie—and dessert of fresh fruits; plenty of waiters, and silver, glass, lamps, etc., in abundance; the dishes were handed to each person, cut up; and after a starvation of eight hours, it seemed to some of our friends an important crisis.

It was the custom after dinner for the ladies and gentlemen to collect in a little room, next the dining hall, where coffee was served, and there our party often met a Sicilian Prince, who talked very bad English, and took quantities of snuff; an old Spanish gentleman, who took a fancy to May, and some French and English people. One evening May amused them by exclaiming, "I wish I had some English person to play with; everybody speaks a foreign language;" the Spaniard and the Prince offered to play with her, but she hung her head, and said she meant a little girl.

When they were dressing for dinner, one day, May called Helen to come on the roof, near their rooms, and hear music; and there she found the

dome of a church, round which the hotel was partly built; it was vesper service, and the altar was lighted, and dressed with flowers; the first church May had seen, and she seemed as much delighted with the sight, as Helen was with the music.

CHAPTER VIII.

HELEN TO HER MOTHER.

Naples, Wednesday.

At last, dear mamma, I can say, that we are in Naples, and have had our first letters from home, telling us so much that we wanted to hear about.

I am just beginning to get used to being away from you, and to enjoy entirely, all that I do and see. Hattie has always been as bright as a dollar; but I thought I should never get over the sea-sickness, and the newness of everything. Uncle is mother and father, both, to us, and consults our wishes in everything, too much, I fear, sometimes; he always says, "I like it either way," and we are continually going to some new thing.

Hattie's letter has told you of our first day, and many amusing things; but the view from the windows she said I must describe; if I could give you the least idea of the Bay, surrounded by

mountains and towns; the soft lights over the highest peak, which is the St. Angelo; it looks like velvet sometimes, and Mr. Russel says that it is owing to beds of marble, which are softer than our granite hills.

Yesterday, we drove to the king's Summer Palace, and went sliding about over the polished floors, in halls one hundred feet long, and out into the garden, where we walked a mile under an arbor of high trees, and picked some cyclamen, growing wild on a steep bank.

As we came home, they all wished to stop at an old church and see the catacombs; and though I am terribly afraid of such underground places, I did not let them know it, because I wished them to get over thinking me a coward.

Two poor old men in blue gowns, hobbled before us, with great glass lanterns, and showed us the gloomy chambers or cells, on each side of a low, dark passage; only think, if it should be true that it extends miles and miles!

We only saw a few skulls, and some faded paintings on the walls, and we were very solemnly looking up a broken stairway, when somebody said there was a queer smell; little May suddenly called out in the most cheery, thanksgiving-day tone, "I smell roast turkey!" at which the funniest of the

old men burst out laughing, which made us all laugh, enough to stir the bones.

Kate thought once she had found a bone, but it proved to be a bit of mortar, much to her disappointment.

Hattie told you, for Mr. ——'s gratification, about the courses at dinner, and I will add, that to-day we have had fish dressed with mushrooms, and pork with olives; the only strange fruit we have seen yet at dessert, is the medlar—"nespola," in Italian; but Hattie is the only one who likes it; it tastes to me like a decayed apple.

We see in the streets, and hanging about the balconies and windows, bright red balls as large as horse-chestnut burrs, which taste pleasantly, but I cannot remember the name.

To-day we have been looking at coral ornaments which are spread out in cases along the sides of the streets, and again at the Museum; to-morrow to Vesuvius, and then Uncle says we shall go over to Sorrento, and live in a villa, which overhangs the sea; where we can perhaps pick oranges from the windows, and those that like it can go out in the boats; and I shall like the bathing, under the bank, in the caverns of soft stone. Shall we not live like mermaids? only I should be afraid to be one, on account of the fishes.

It is very warm here ; the ladies dress in muslins and gauzes ; Hattie and I have had to pull out our summer things, just as the children are putting on their merinos. I will write to them, and a better letter, soon.

Your loving

HELEN.

CHAPTER IX.

VESUVIUS.

"ARE we all for Vesuvius, this morning, young ladies?" said Uncle Allan, as one after another they met on the balcony, before breakfast, to watch the cows, as they stood under the windows to be milked, some poor children bringing a tumbler to hold their share.

"Yes, Uncle," answered Hattie, kissing him, "We are ready to follow your voice anywhere; you could make us believe the sun was shining in a rain-storm, if you chose to say so."

"No need of my word now, as he can speak for himself; sun, children, dinner in the basket, all ready, nothing wanting!"

They found the drive in sight of the bay delightful, and the guides and horses waiting at Resina; real horses, with English saddles, which Hattie thought would be very fine, till she began to mount the long, paved lanes between high

walls, over which the oranges peeped so bewitchingly, next the sober olives; how could she have a good trot when it was so steep, and her handsome Italian guide chose to help himself also by the horse's tail, just as they did in Gibraltar, thought she!

At the hermitage, a tumble-down Inn, half-way up the mountain, they were joined by the bearers, with chairs for the ladies, and the road became more level, but also blocked up with great masses of lava, among which the horses twisted and turned, to the discomfort of those whose saddles were too large for them.

"The mountain begins to show its true character here," said Mr. Russel, "covered with rugged seams, tear-channels of repentance, for the woes it has sent upon that smiling valley, long ago. What a contrast is all this barren, desolate expanse, to that sunny verdure below us!"

"Yes," answered Kate, "how unconscious the little villages look, like some small, mild animals, crouching at the feet of a lion; sometimes startled by his fiery eye and an occasional growl, but carelessly free of fear, because they have never seen him eat up any of their companions; but here are the chairs; this must be the foot of the cone."





THE CONE

Very steep it looked, almost straight in the air above them; and they were soon seated in the chairs, and jerked upon the shoulders of four men. Helen feared lest they should hurt the men, and Kate thought it was more likely they should be spilled out, and sent rolling down again.

The gentlemen walked on ahead; the bearers picked their way among large blocks of lava, and often stumbled, which threw the girls about and obliged them to shut their eyes; it was such a dizzy height above the valley.

"Gracious! what is this odd figure in front of us," cried Hattie; "it has wings; it must be the genius of the mountain; but could the fire fairy wear flounces?"

The others now saw it, and the bearers shouted, at the sight of a tall lady stuck between two blocks, with all sorts of gauzy appendages flying in the wind. She was imploring a stout gentleman to let her turn back, while he seemed determined to make her go on.

"She's right in our way," screamed Hattie, who was first, "she has got into the only path I can see!" Down went the chairs at a signal from the guide, with a bang, and two of the men seizing the fairy by the arms, lifted her quite on

one side, where she found herself deposited on a square wedge of lava, and was perhaps somewhat relieved to find her face turned homewards.

"There she'll sit till we come down again," said Kate; "did you observe, Helen, how angry the gentleman looked; I doubt if he succeeds in turning her round again, if he ever gets her off that column."

"Cannot we do anything for her," asked Helen; but the chairs were raised while she spoke, and the lady was soon hidden from them.

When they reached the top, they found their friends warming their feet at a hot place, near the crater, into which some eggs were also put to cook.

The sides of the crater were yellow with sulphur, and lumps of it lay on the ground, among the dark lava beds; far below them was Pompeii on one side, and on the other, they saw Naples and the Bay. The wind blew, and it was hard to keep in the narrow path, which runs round the top of the cone and forms the edge of the crater.

"Why doesn't the old fellow give us some fireworks," cried Will; "I don't think much of all this smoking; I've a great mind to look down his throat!"

Nobody heard him but Helen, who was behind the rest, and she called to her Uncle to stop him, but he did not hear, in the wind, and she saw next, the guide pass a cord round Will, while they both stepped over the edge and began to slip down the steep side of the crater; Helen peeped down after them, and saw Will stoop over and look into the opening at the bottom, called the throat, out of which, during an eruption of the mountain, come the flame and showers of stones and lava.

Helen hoped nothing worse than smoke would burst out now, but at the moment she said so to herself, she saw Will stagger and fall back; but the guide caught him, and as fast as he could, pulled him up to the top. "What has happened to him," called Helen, as the guide laid him on his back, and began to pour something into his mouth from a flask he took from his pocket.

"Madame, it the sulphure seulement, it choke him un peu, he recover direct."

Will opened his eyes, just as Hattie, who had turned back, came running up; and declared that the fault was all in his lungs, which would not breathe sulphur smoke.

"Well, what did you see, after all?" Hattie inquired, with much eagerness.

"I hadn't much of a chance, you know, but I

looked into a pit full of great stones and pools of brown lava, and in the middle were some little black imps, dashing about with long lucifer matches, just going to light up."

"Do stop that nonsense, Will, you didn't see anything, besides being almost suffocated. When I examine fire-mountains, I'll stay a little longer."

"Oh don't you boast," cried Will; "wait till it's lighted up, and you'll believe I saw the imps; but I am curious to know what that fellow poured down my throat; I guess he thought I should like to taste the fire as well as the smoke."

"No matter, if it cured you," said Helen.

After the others had heard the adventure, and the wonderful eggs had been eaten, the girls slid down the cone, through the soft deep lava, with occasional rolling stones, at a tremendous pace, laughing and flying as it seemed, every now and then slipping down to rest for half a second, each holding the arm of a guide, while the gentlemen rushed along much faster, reaching the bottom in exactly five minutes.

Hattie lost the sole of one shoe, and Kate the hem of her dress; but they all thought it the best part of the adventure.

When they arrived at the garden of the hermitage, they found that another party were just

going to eat up their dinner, which these people, who were Italians, pretended they had taken by mistake, and had spread out on their table outside the garden ; this *almost* provoked Uncle Allan, who sent a polite message, and soon recovered the chickens, oranges and wine, which the children enjoyed at a round stone table in the open air.

The ride down the mountain on horse-back, was so delightful ; everything green and smiling in the sunset. Hattie asked her Uncle to pay her handsome guide for fishing up her veil from the sulphur pit, clear down the mountain. " This will make him dance," said he, as he tossed her a silver piece worth about ninepence.

The boy gave her a glance from under his long lashes, as she laid the money on his hand, which was certainly worth a dollar, and disappeared.

CHAPTER X.

SHORES OF AMALFI.

AND now for the glory of Naples, her rocky shores, and vine-terraced mountain sides, whither our party turned their faces one clear morning; driving through beautiful meadow lands, covered with young vegetables, in the richest brown soil; and between hedges of roses, double, like our monthly roses. They took the new and fine road to Amalfi, which borders the sea, at a great height, passing little villages close to the water, and extending up the deep cuts in the hills, sometimes perched so far above, as to resemble stray snow drifts. Salerno and Pæstum lay behind, with a grand back-ground of mountains.

As the carriage swept round the sharp curves of the road, they suddenly caught the first sight of Amalfi, once a place of importance, and now inhabited by fishermen, and manufacturers of maccaroni; the shore high and rocky, the town extending from its little beach, where the men were busy among their nets, up a fold of the mountain.

Above it the St. Angelo rose three thousand feet, and for a long distance up its steep sides, the grape-vine is cultivated in ridges.

Our party left the carriage, and lingered along the road, looking at the hills, covered with winding paths, leading to convents and farms far above; and then on the other side down upon the broken shore, where the sea rushed into deep caverns under their feet, the rocks all festooned with Venus hair. Now and then a watch-tower of the middle ages broke the line of coast, and from the bank above, the golden oranges and lemons hung.

Kate Russel asked her brother if he remembered the water color drawings of Pine, a celebrated English artist, taken at this very place, and said she had a fancy that this style was best suited to the scenery here, where nature seemed to glow and sparkle, as if in conscious delight, while from the Roman lakes and hills, Turner had drawn an intenser life.

"Helen looks as if she wished to understand your distinction," said he; "what shall we do with it all, Helen? If we were only great artists!"

But just then a boat, gracefully managed by a very handsome Italian, shot in and landed near

them on the beach ; the man made them understand that it would be at their service, which gave the younger members a violent desire to start at once.

“ Oh hue of the Mediterranean sea,
From thy sapphire cradle flashed back on me,
Thine is the bluest life that clings
To the weary earth ; bright central springs
Bubble up from thine azure, and never fail
Though the great dome above thee curve cloudy and pale ;

When the sunset lingers by Capri's side,
And throws across it a golden fleece ;
Thou swellest along in bluest pride,
Stretching on, on, on, to beautiful Greece ;
And Siren voices drip with the oar,
Deeper, bend deeper, to learn our lore,
The violet's secret grows not on the shore.”

“ So we sing,” wrote Kate Russel from Sorrento, “ as we pass the long, golden days, to be lived over in our hearts, after the reality has vanished from our eyes ; sometimes out in the little boats, floating in idle delight under the shore, or landing at Capri, we climbed up the stairway cut in the rock, to the village at the summit, where we had a welcome from the beautiful eyes of the girls, and drank the sparkling ‘ Capri bianca.’

“ But to go back ; the hour came at last to say good bye to the dripping caves of Amalfi and her picturesque boatmen, and mounted on our tough little mules, we climbed, one behind another, up the narrow paved streets, where the roofs in some places actually met overhead, making us doubt whether we were not riding through the houses themselves, as the women were carrying on all sorts of indoor employment on each side. They looked pleasantly at us even when we gave nothing.

“ Through archways, past the mills, we went till the ascent was over stairs of rock, and the great jerk of the mule from one step to another almost throws one backward ; winding continually round abrupt turns from one ridge to a higher, till the town began to look small behind us, and it made me almost dizzy to look down.

“ The guide was an old man, with his two little boys, one of whom had a small lantern. On we went, one little boy between Hattie and me, urging us up the difficult way ; we passed a trickling stream, where the poor creatures tried to drink, but were not allowed.

“ Once we saw an old blacksmith at his forge, but he did not look up ; he must have taken a vow against worldly curiosity ; and I frightened

a little child, who was running on the path just in front of my mule ; but still higher, and higher, above humanity, and

“ Over all trod my mule with the caution
Of gleaners o'er sheaves :
Foot after foot, like a lady,
So round after round
He climbed to the top of Calvano,*
And God's own profound
Was above me, and round me the mountains,
And under the sea,
And with me, my heart to bear witness
What was, and shall be !
Oh heaven, and the terrible crystal !
No rampart excludes
The eye from the life to be lived
In the blue solitudes !
Oh those mountains, their infinite movement !
Still moving with you.

* * * * *

To stand there and hear
The birds' quiet singing, that tells us
What life is so clear ;
The secret they sang to Ulysses
When ages ago
He heard and knew this life's secret,
I hear, and I know ! ”

“ But the scene changed, and I found myself flying over the head of the mule, which had slipped in the mud. I scrambled up, amidst a deal

* St. Angelo.

of pity, but my only injury was a sprained thumb ; and not bad either ; again starting, we were emerging from a bit of woods, near the summit, when behold Mr. Thornton's animal, choosing to go his own way, which by the way, was the right one, and good Mr. T., like an experienced horseman as he is, objecting, "mulo" began kicking, and fairly shook him over his head into the bushes, (the precipice two thousand feet down was luckily behind,) with only the loss of his spectacles, which had to be hunted after, thereby losing some precious time.

"Oh, the horrid pits we were jerked into, and the ledges we were bounced up to ! As it began to darken, we gained the summit, and saw how steep it fell off the other side down towards Sorrento.

"Helen declared she could not keep on her saddle, and must walk ; and we did all dismount, as the guides said it was too bad for riding ; then I understood the lantern, and reflected that we had started many hours too late for our bones, as well as for the beauty of the descent.

"Down we jumped and stumbled, through a rocky water channel, now dry, the mules clattering after us, our only light the few meagre rays from the small lantern.

"We met a soldier going up on his way to Amalfi, who passed with a "*Felice notte*," 'happy night' I hoped it would prove, but certainly it then seemed doubtful. When we came upon a better path, we remounted, because it was a quicker method, but it was so dark that I could not see the mule's head, or whether I should not be dashed into a hole the next minute; but the guide seemed to know what he was about, and scolded my little boy for not urging him faster, and threatened to beat him, which excited me so much that I called "*non mi piace, fermate*," 'I do not like this, stop'! and he actually did leave the poor little fellow (who must have ached with his long tramp) to me; though I could not see him, I patted his shoulder and stopped his tears, putting on his wrists at parting, my silk cuffs, of bright colors, to wear to mass, in the chapel among the hills.

"At last the bark of sheep-dogs announced our approach to a village, and soon we fell into the interminable paved lanes which lead from the hills into Sorrento; down, down, we slowly advanced, very tired, very hungry, and only too thankful to reach the end of that dark journey, alive.

"Now among the orange groves of beautiful

Sorrento, we lead a charmed life ; yesterday exploring in a row-boat the shore across the bay, which is composed of a light brown clay-like rock, and worn at the water's edge into caves, in some of which, fishermen live ; above, gay villas adorn the banks.

“ Landing at Baia, we sat among the ruined temples, and studied the remains of the Amphitheatre at Pozzuoli ; but more particulars I have no time for now ; you can imagine, from former accounts of our party, how much we enjoy together. The mornings among the hills, and the evenings on the water are all delicious ; at sunset, to-night we watched the divers for pearl-oysters, which Helen said, was a mistake, because the Mediterranean in that spot is paved with emeralds. In certain lights we can look down to the very bottom, and see the stones of that peculiar green, which only the emerald gives ; the surface often in alternate stripes of green and purple ; we are never weary of gazing into this enchanted sea, where we believe must dwell some fairy race.”

CHAPTER XI.

HATTIE TO ALFRED.

Naples, Tuesday.

THIS is our last night at Naples, dear Alf., and I must squeeze a great deal into this letter, before I finish my share of the packing.

Helen's letter to mamma was full of everything romantic, for the older people, but you will like best to hear what good times Will and I had in the hills above Sorrento; and our donkey races, through the long lanes, with a boy behind to crack his whip; and picking the oranges, large and sweet, that grow as plenty as apples at home.

One day we crossed the bay, with an old fisherman, to see the caves under the head-land of Posilippo, two miles below Naples.

The old man staid in his boat, as we said we could find our way alone, but we took a turn which carried us farther in than we meant to go, and Will said we might have been lost, if we

had not heard voices ; and suddenly, in an inner cave, we came upon some Italians, sitting round a table, made of the rock, eating macaroni ; it was lighted by a rude lamp ; there were two children with very dark skins and eyes, who came and kissed our hands, and looked curiously at our dress ; the little girl brought from a dark corner some bright shells, and one pearl ! I gave her in return my silk scarf, and to the boy a little knife I had in my pocket ; they led us back to the opening of the large cave, where we found our old man fast asleep in his boat.

Now we have been a few days in the city, and must put away our hats and behave properly. At last I have seen Punch ; he comes along every day, with a squeaking song. Punch and Judy jabber, and quarrel, and pound each other, and throw the baby out of the window, and then the jailor takes Punch to prison after he has killed Judy, just as they all do in the picture book, only so much better for being the real ones. They go through it all in a box, which the man sticks up before the window ; unfortunately we are so high up, that we can see the man too, but he is hidden to the people lower down.

I had the happiness yesterday, to give a *carline*

to a ragged little boy, in the Park, close to the water, who poked his head up from behind the railing with the oddest little fish in his hand, which he offered to me, making the sign of hunger. I saw him duck down again into the mud, and show the silver to the other boys.

I wish I could tell you, Alf, of half the funny sights here. The day after I came back, I was walking with Uncle, when a tremendous shower came on, so that we stopped in a shop, till we could see a carriage; and then we saw two or three people carried over the middle of the street on the shoulders of *Facchini*, who are men who do all sorts of jobs, and wear sacks and hoods; one old gentleman had an umbrella open, and seemed to be shaking about a great deal, and scolding because the water splashed upon his legs. While we were laughing at this, one of the gentlemen made us a low bow, and whom should it be but Will, flourishing along; "well," said Uncle, "that boy means to try everything that's going."

Then we stopped once to watch a person who writes letters for the poor people who do not know how; he sat in an arch-way, at a little table, with pens, ink, and paper; and as we stood quite near, a young peasant-girl, with bright hair and

eyes, came up, and began to say what she wanted written, but she seemed ashamed, and hung her head, and blushed so; "*Dite me, subito.*" "Tell me, quick," said the writing man impatiently.— You see I have learned a little Italian, Alf, and what she said next made him laugh, and cry out, "*va ben, va ben,*"—"that's well;" Uncle laughed too, and whispered that he knew the letter was for her sweet-heart, and that he would give a good deal to see it; but after all he could not have read it!

For a long time, we could not understand what these piles of pine cones are always burning for, in the streets; a person keeps fanning the pile, while others look on with great interest; but we have since heard that the poor people eat the seeds of the cone, which are really very nice, cooked; they are white, and several times larger than a kernel of rice.


The streets are full of vegetables, and fruits, piled outside the shops, and we continually meet donkeys loaded with them, driven by peasants, in high pointed hats, and pipes in their mouths.

I forgot to tell you about the beautiful 'Toledo,' the finest, broadest street in Naples, full of gay shops, and balconies all over the houses, filled with flowers; carriages driving up and

down, with elegantly dressed ladies, and such quantities of people walking. Looking up through the steep side streets, you see the castle of St. Elmo, and the old monastery.

We had a fine donkey-ride to the 'Camaldoli,' where the monks only speak once a year, and we ladies had to stay outside, on account of our tongues, Uncle said.

Oh there is no end to the queer, nice, pretty things here, and one of the very best is the chestnut candy; the great chestnuts ten times bigger than ours, Alf, done in sugar, and so delicious! I wish I could put one into this letter, but we have bought a quantity for the journey, and I will save a part for you if I can hide them from Will, who is as great a rogue as ever, and will steal all he can get. 'To-morrow, we shall start for Rome! How does that look on paper? But you don't see much in it, any more than I did before I was a traveller! Will says I shall cry when I see the Dome of St. Peter's, because the people in books of travel always do; but I don't intend to. Uncle has engaged a carriage large enough to hold the Russels, which makes it very pleasant for us; I think I will write a little on the road, when we stop to sleep, which we shall do three nights, if the musquitos will let us.



Santa Agatha, first night.

We all started early this morning in the cars, for Caserta, although it looked as if it would rain, to see the King's Palace, and Uncle sent the *Vet-turino*, that is, the man who drives our carriage, to meet us there. The grand stair-case is splendid, of many colored marbles, and so wide! Some of the rooms are very handsome, but I was the victim of the show-man, who sputtered Italian, which I did not understand, but kept bowing and saying ' *si, si,* ' yes yes; till my head ached. At last in a hard shower, we got into the carriage, which is large enough for a few more, and such a queer, old-fashioned shape, full of little pockets and places for our things, and quite comfortable for naps, and came to this place, where we have dined, and hope to sleep; our dinner was not quite equal to the Vittoria! We shall breakfast, and start early, as we travel slowly, because the driver stops at every little hill to shoe the wheels, and has a habit of looking back over his shoulder; — we think it's for robbers,

We read sometimes, and eat roasted chestnuts, which the people sell at little villages; and get out and walk.

Twenty-ninth, Terracina — It was a beautiful journey yesterday, and we had a good time in

the carriage. Will rode outside, and tried to frighten us with stories of robbers, who really are common near this place.

When we reached Mola di Gaeta, we came again upon the sea, and saw Capri and Vesuvius, for the last time. Mola is on the bay of Gaeta, which is lined with fine orange gardens, on one of which the hotel looks. We lunched there and saw the "Noah family," as Will calls them; a father, mother, and eight children; the two little boys wore high beaver hats and the six girls were dressed in muslins, because they are English; and they have spent the whole summer at Sorrento.

Uncle made acquaintance of course in a short time, and when after lunch we ran down to the garden; just behind the gate, sitting on the ground, was the mother, an odd-looking little person, sketching.

It was a steep path that leads to the stony beach; and the ruins there, Mr. Russel said, are the remains of one of Cicero's villas; (you know about him in the horrid Latin lessons, Alf.)

We made the guide break off branches of fresh oranges which hung over the broken arches, and I tasted a green olive, which had a bitter taste. I am sorry to say the oranges were quite sour,

but I dare say they were not ripe. Just at the gate of Terracina, where I am now, is an immense rock, where, they told Uncle, a hermit has lived, and never come down, for many years. —The sea dashes under our window, the same blue water we bathed in at Piano di Sorrento!

Velletri, Wednesday. — All day we have been driving over the Pontine marshes, which poison people with bad air, in summer. When we stopped to lunch, all the “Noahs,” started off to walk, which Kate said was so English. Think, Alf, of silver forks and napkins, at such a dirty place as this was, and yet everything was done in the same style as in our grand hotel; the silver forks were only make-believe, and the style was very small. The carriage was so long getting ready, after lunch, that Uncle said we had better walk on; can you imagine us really walking on the *Pontine marshes*, which I always used to hear about in stories of robbers; and I supposed they were covered with wild cattle; but we walked on a straight road with trees on each side, and behind the fences were great fields stretching; once I looked back and saw a tall gray ox, tramping along behind us, which started me so, after all my fancies, that I screamed “run, he’s coming.” Helen and Kate, without

looking, they said, ran too, and though Uncle called to us to stop, we did not till we reached a hut by the road-side, into which we ran. We were all out of breath, and it made me laugh so, to hear Kate say, "Hattie, what was it?" so I told her that I saw one of those wild animals, that trample on people in the "Campagna."

Then we peeped out, and saw nothing, not even Uncle and the others; but we thought they would soon come. In this hut were two children and a poor woman knitting, and while we were giving them things out of our pockets, we heard a carriage, and I ran to look out; it was our carriage, and they did not see us! Kate cried, "they are leaving us," and we all hurried into the road and after them, but they went too fast; and we stopped to get breath, and wonder what we should do; but Helen said they would certainly turn back for us, and we had better walk on.

So we walked on, and I thought it was good enough for me, for my foolish fright. We tried to think how we could manage to spend a night, in these lonely marshes, in one of the huts, with the goats and a great ox close by; but I did feel very badly, especially as the hurrying made Helen cough, and I was so tired, and just as I thought I should lie down and die, or cry, I did not know

which, I heard a laugh very near, and there was Will! Oh how glad we were to see him; then he explained it all. Uncle was so amused, and yet he thought we were so silly, to run away from an ox with a man driving him as quietly as possible, that he said they would drive on, and make us think we were left behind, to teach us to behave better next time, and Will hid near the cabin and followed us. So we soon found the carriage waiting, and were glad enough to jump in, and if I did not squeeze Uncle, and plague him half out of his senses for playing us such a trick; but it will make me look twice before I run, I guess, another time.

Now, Alf, this is certainly my last sheet till I have seen Rome. This town is on a hill, and the tavern, where we shall sleep, is blocked up among high houses, and the streets are dirty; but when you get outside a little way, there are wide fields, dotted with white houses, and pretty paths running over them; and gardens and vegetables, green like ours in spring, with high mountains behind. The poor children come round us begging, and one little boy had his fingers crooked up, when he stood close to me, and said "morto di fame," "dead with hunger;" but the

next minute he forgot, and straightened them out nicely ; is not it dreadful, to be so poor that they learn to deceive so ? Good night.

Write soon to your sister

HATTIE.

CHAPTER XII.

ROME.

SHE sits among the Eternal hills,
Their crown, thrice glorious and dear,
Her voice is as a thousand tongues
Of silver fountains, gurgling clear :

She rules the age by beauties power
As once she ruled by armed might ;
The southern sun doth treasure her
Deep in his golden heart of light.

Awe strikes the traveller when he sees
The vision of her distant dome ;
And a strange spasm wrings his heart
As the guide whispers — ‘ there is Rome ! ’ *

GENZANO, (where little Antonio went to the flower-feast with his mother, in the beautiful book called “Improvisatore”) and Albano, lying on the hill-side, just under the shadow of monte Cavi, were passed, and our travellers strained their eyes for the first view of the Dome of St. Peters, which they knew could be seen eighteen

* Passion flowers.

miles off. Hattie insisted, in spite of Will's declaration to the contrary, that she should not cry, but took care to eat her luncheon in season, to be ready for anything.

"Helen," said she, "why don't you help me finish these chestnuts; they are almost warm now!"

"I don't feel hungry."

"Now Kate, don't you think it's ridiculous in Helen not to be hungry, just because she is looking out for St. Peter's, all the morning?"

"Perhaps, Hattie, you would not be so much charmed with the chestnuts, if you were looking out for Alfred, or anything you cared about."

"Why that's so different, Kate, but I do think this long, straight road, is rather tedious, and I am tired with having every body so interested about a dome; I know it will look just like the State House, if we could see that on the Salem marshes."

"Oh foolish Hattie," cried Kate, "look out this side at the long range of Aqueducts, just coming in sight, which once brought the pure waters of the hills, into Rome; and do you know we are driving over the *Via Appia*, the old Roman road, paved with the same great flat stones that Emperors used to travel over?"

“ I do like to see the Aqueducts, Kate, and that strange affair of stone ; perhaps that was a tomb. I am going to give the rest of these chestnuts away, to that poor man ; he looks hungry ! Uncle, tell the driver to stop a minute ; ” and she handed them to the beggar, who waved his torn hat, and said with the courtesy of a Roman peasant, “ *mille grazie*, ” which is the common form of thanks.

Mr. Russel looked in from the coupeè, and cried, “ St. Peter’s ! ” and there, before they could distinguish any other sign of the city, hung the mighty Dome, high in air ; while the sun, which had been struggling to shine, broke through the mists, and showed the line of hills, which on the east bound the vast plains of the Campagna.

Gradually, the city rose, in a chaos of towers, and smaller domes, and soon the carriage entered one of the long lanes, which, between high stone walls, lead to the gates of the city. They passed through the gate of St. John Lateran, across the broad Piazza, from which are grand views of the hills, and several ruins ; past the church, with the great statues of the Apostles on the top, and turned into a long straight street, paved with small square stones ; on each side were large gar-

dens, with now and then a bit of ruined arch or a broken tower.

"What is this church, I wonder," called Hattie through the front window to Will, who told her that it was *Santa Maria Maggiore*.

"Oh, I admire the front," said Helen, "all those steps rising to the door, and what a nice color."

Mr. Russel told them to look at the column in front of the church, which he said was a Corinthian column celebrated for its beauty, and called the *Colonna della Verginè*; it is made of white marble, and was taken from the temple which was afterwards the first Christian church in Rome.

They drove on through *Via Quattro Fontane*, and then to the right, where they saw more houses and small churches, past a great stone building which proved to be a prison, with guards standing about, and then the carriage stopped at a large house, almost opposite, with high iron gates on the right hand, through which appeared a garden.

"Is this our house, Uncle?" exclaimed Hattie. "Villa Massimi," called Will, "here we are, do you know, girls, this villa was built for a Pope!"

Villa Massimi fronts on a large piazza,

including grounds of great extent, and reaches to the walls of the city. The view from the back and side windows, over the Campagna, and bounded only by the Sabine and Alban hills, is one of the very best in Rome. A small garden, just under the windows, is let with the *apartment*, as rooms in Italy are called, and over the whole grounds the family have liberty to roam.

It did not take long to get settled; the sagacious Thomas had arrived before them, and made all arrangements: a cook who provided everything, a woman to be devoted to the young ladies, and a comfortable carriage.

"This must be Eden," exclaimed Uncle Allan, as they all stood by the fountain, in the garden full of sunshine; on the low wall of many colored stones were placed large flowering plants, with here and there a statue, and the pavement was in gay mosaic patterns; tall, solemn Cypress, and Ilex trees guarded the whole.

"Lovely, sunny garden," said Kate, "I am afraid we shall never wish to leave it, even when spring comes in the country; but hark! Is not that music?"

"Certainly, there is a band somewhere near," said Helen, as the sound swelled fuller and richer, coming evidently from many instruments.

All the bells in Rome seemed to be chiming the hour of twelve, and they ran up the flights of stone stairs to their apartment, on the *primo piano*, which is the first floor.

First into the large, high drawing-room, with the pretty small room out of it; across the hall, a dining-room, and sleeping apartments beyond; it seemed very odd that the kitchen was in a story above them, but it was certain that the dinner always came down stairs.

As Mr. Russel stood near an open window, he said he was certain the music which they still heard, came from the balcony of *Sta. Maria Maggiore*, where he remembered the band at this time practised for the ceremonies of Christmas eve.

“Oh what will that be?” asked Helen.

On Christmas eve, he told her, the Pope enters this church with the procession of the holy Bambino, in its costly cradle.

“What is the holy Bambino?”

“It is an image of the Child Jesus, which is supposed to have great power in curing disease, and is taken into the room of sick, and dying persons. This ceremony is in honor of it.”

“How soon will it be,” asked Hattie; “I want to see it so much!”

"My dear, impatient Hattie," said her Uncle, "Rome is so full of wonders, that perhaps you will think Christmas has come too soon; but children," putting an arm round each—"We are not going to play all the time, are we? I hope we have all come here to learn a great deal, and grow wiser; Helen, what do you say to drawing, some French and Italian, music of course, for you; and Hattie, a little history to refresh our minds with the past, and light up the ruins too?"

"Yes indeed, Uncle, if you will study with us," cried Hattie; "oh no, we will not play any more!"

"Yes we will," said Kate, "have the best enjoyment out of everything. Look at the hills; only think of our excursions by and by in that direction; but now for our first dinner, and then for the Piazza di Spagna. I cannot rest much longer without a sight of *Peppo* and *St. Peter's*!"

CHAPTER XIII.

ST. PETER'S.

"Up swelled the mighty dome;
The dream of childhood had come true at last;
We were in Rome!"

THE large, open carriage was ordered to meet them at the foot of the Spanish steps, while they walked through Via Felice, to the Pincian hill, from which over the multitude of house-tops, and small domes, they had the first near view of St. Peter's, about which the gold and violet tints of sunset formed a halo, like the glory round the brow of a saint.

Behind them was the fine garden of Monte Pincio, rising, terrace above terrace, overlooking, on the East, the Villa Borghese.

When they came to the head of the Spanish steps, there was *Peppo*, and Kate said there was something quite as horrid about him as the "Improvisatore" had taught her to expect.

"What a squeaking voice," said Helen, as the poor deformed creature clattered along the upper

step, with his feet fixed on wooden boards, to wish them *buon giorno* — good-day.

“ Will, do give him some coppers,” cried Hattie; “ I have not got a cent, or whatever you call it in Italian.”

“ Not I,” said Will; “ Mr. Russel says he is a man of fortune, and yet he comes here every day on his donkey, and begs of every person that comes along; he’s an imposition ! ”

But they must hasten down the broad steps of Travertine, flight after flight, with the great landing between each, to the Piazza, at the foot, where, close to the fountain, in the form of a boat, is the carriage, among a great many others; then straight down the *via Condotti*, past the Borghese Palace, with only one turn to the right across the bridge of St. Angelo, — past the great circular castle of St. Angelo, which was once the tomb of Hadrian, and is now a prison — down the long, dirty street, between tall, dingy houses, with shops underneath, where you meet always a crowd of Priests, children, beggars, and travellers, with now and then the red and gold carriage of a fat Cardinal, who is sitting inside — into the broad Piazza, where stands the church of St. Peter’s, its wide encircling colonnades of marble, stretching out, as if to embrace all who enter,

and its sparkling fountains murmuring a welcome.

They were all silent in the carriage at first, but they soon began to express their delight and astonishment. Mr. Thornton said he was not prepared for the fine effect of the colonnades, so different from any picture he had seen of them; and Kate was struck with the mellow tints of the building itself; and now they all walked up the little steps, which spread wide across the front.

"How small we seem, Helen," said Hattie, in quite a subdued voice; "now look into the great Portico; come, Uncle is lifting the heavy brown curtain—how much bigger than those we saw in Naples!"

They tread softly, and whisper low, in the great nave, six hundred feet in length, and look eagerly up at the gilded ceiling, and into the Dome itself, when they reach the end of the church, and stand behind the Altar.

The interior of St. Peter's is almost a world of itself, and has an atmosphere of its own, being always warm in winter, and cool in summer.

The pavement is of various marbles, in mosaic patterns, and the walls and massive pillars are of two or three soft colors: on the walls here and there, are copies of the most celebrated pictures,

and it was a long time before the girls could believe that they were not painted, but made of small bits of composition to imitate stone; put together with such wonderful skill, as to resemble exactly the picture.

They understood this better, when they afterwards went to see the mosaic works, where each artist had a large box filled with lumps of this composition in every color, and cut it into just the shape he wanted. If his picture was the head of a saint, his copy was first drawn on a thin board, and out of this he would cut a part of the eye, and put in with cement a bit of the stone, of a particular color and shape, and so through the whole face. In this way, by slow degrees they have copied immense pictures.

The high Altar in St. Peter's is under the dome, and covered by a great bronze canopy, richly carved, supported by four wrought columns; it is ninety-three feet high, and is called the *Baldachino*. It is a very clumsy thing, and what is much to be lamented is, its being made of the bronze, which was stripped from the beautiful dome of the Pantheon, the grandest building of ancient times, left in Rome.

Below the Altar is the tomb of St. Peter, and round the front of the golden doors, which en-

close the tomb, is a marble railing, upon which are always burning, day and night, one hundred and twelve lamps; below, on the floor before the tomb, is the white marble statue of Pope Pius sixth, with his eyes raised and his hands clasped. This statue was made by Canova, and is so much like life that it almost makes one start when he first approaches it. There are many other statues in the church, and our party went from one to another, with great interest, except Hattie, who did not care about statuary, and had been observing that a good many people were entering the church, and always turning off in one direction.

"What can there be in that place, so far down," whispered she to Kate; "I am tired of hearing Uncle ask Mr. Russel questions about these great Popes in the niches, that look as if they were flying away in the wind; do come down this side, and see what there is."

"Yes, certainly, Hattie, but do you not like to look at the group of the sleeping and watching Lions, with the beautiful figures of Religion and Death?"

"I don't believe I saw them; but hark! I hear an organ;" and she drew Kate on, towards the side from which the sounds seem to come. It was luckily for them the day for vespers in the

choral chapel, which only occur twice a week; they had hardly time to find seats, as there are but a few benches. The organ and singers are in a high balcony, on one side; a large picture hangs above the Altar; several Priests officiate; quite a number of the clergy are present; the highest in office wear white fur capes, the next, gray, while the common Priests are in white; numbers of little boys assist in the singing, and the music is of the best kind.

CHAPTER XIV.

LESSONS.

AFTER they had been settled a few days, Helen told Hattie, that it was time to begin with lessons, and asked her Uncle to find an Italian teacher who would also instruct them in French. She continued her music, as she had done at home, as the change of climate had cured her cough and restored her voice, which was very remarkable; then as Kate was something of an artist, and had painted a picture at home, she was glad to join them in some drawing lessons, of a master well recommended; twice a week they met at the studio of this gentleman, and were able to form quite a class with some friends they had discovered in Rome.

Every morning, two hours were devoted to study and the different teachers, in the little parlor; sometimes Hattie would wish she need not be so tied down every day, when she would rather be in the garden, or in search of some new

thing in the city ; and Helen was occasionally found leaning on the window-sill, which looked over the Campagna, to the hills, planning the delightful rambles she hoped to have among them in the spring ; but on the whole, considering they were travellers abroad, they were regular and industrious.

In the evenings when they were alone, their Uncle read to them, in very home fashion, some simple account of what they had seen, or expected to see the next day ; occasionally a chapter in Roman history, throwing light on particular objects of interest.

Will, who has not been idle, although silent for some time, joined the French lessons, and was willing to listen to the reading when he was there, but was much taken up with riding, and practising for the races ; and he told Hattie, that when they began, he would show her what his Wild-fire could do.

May had been a good little traveller, never fretting or complaining of hunger or fatigue, and much of her pleasure now was found in the garden, in warm dry days, or running on Monte Pincio, where all the English children, and many Italians, played about the fountains. People often stopped to admire May's beauty, but she

never noticed it, except once or twice, as she learnt the Italian, and overheard some exclamation of '*bella mia*' — my beauty, or '*carina*,' which means pretty, she asked her nurse, "did he call me beauty?"

Almost the first walk they had was to the Colosseum, which Hattie talked much about seeing; the pleasantest way to it was over the Quirinal hill, where they stopped to look at the famous horses, held by two gigantic men; they stand on a huge block of marble, and give the name of *Monte Cavallo*, which means horse, to the hill.

Helen liked the broad Piazza, with fine palaces on all sides, and the Pope's summer palace, called the Quirinal, stretching across one end; the view of St. Peter's in the distance too, and the steep street which is grass-grown, falling off towards the Corso.

When they reached the Colosseum, which they came upon unexpectedly from some dingy streets, full of marketing, the sun had just touched the upper arches, with the soft purple, peculiar to Italy, and the yellowish brown stone seemed to glow; the walls were festooned with vines, still green.

The girls ran from one place to another on the first gallery; and the others stood still to watch

the glorious effect of the light on the broken walls; they climbed up one of the ancient stairways, and sat on the sloping foundation of what was once a marble seat.

Mr. Thornton asked Kate, what was the prevailing impression with her, so far, in Rome; he said he could not account for the feeling of solemnity, which sometimes came over him.

Kate told him that she had been trying to understand why every one she saw seemed more natural and simple here, than at home, or in England, where she had once passed some time.

"Everywhere else," she said, "the people give the tone to the place; here they are secondary. Fashion here becomes insignificant; I do not expect to be judged by what I do or wear, as in New York or London."

"Perhaps because we live more in the past, than in the present," answered Mr. Thornton, "and yet it was not a past of real greatness, either; it was an outward grandeur that built this mighty Colosseum; isn't it that we feel profoundly, through the story these ruins tell, the emptiness of earthly things, which have not a heavenly aim?"

"But there was true greatness in the *genius*

which designed and created all the fine objects with which Rome is filled."

"That is true, and the source of our happiness; it is good to be here, for both sadness and joy; but what are you listening for, children," said he to Helen and Hattie, who were now sitting close to him on the stones; "you cannot understand what we are talking about, Hattie?"

"Yes, Uncle, a little about the ruins making you sober, and something Kate said about Fashion, and our being willing not to dress much; I've noticed that before!" "Noticed what, Hattie?"

"Why Mrs. Spring used to be so fashionable at home, and always asked mamma, what new bonnets she should get us; and the other day, I heard her say that in Rome she was quite willing to wear her last year's things; but I wish I could get at the bottom of fashion!"

"As I did once," said her Uncle.

"Why Uncle, you!"

"Yes, Hattie, when I was a boy of fourteen or so, I went from my home on the farm, to New York, to stay with an Aunt, whom you never saw; one day when it was very cold, I heard her say, she wished to wear her thick dress to a party, if the Fashion would let her."

“ ‘Why don’t you go and ask her?’ I exclaimed, supposing it to be some authority only next to the queen of England; of course my Aunt laughed very much, and tried to explain what this tyrant fashion, meant; but I could not understand any such necessity, and have never forgotten the lesson, especially as she was very sick in consequence of the exposure.”

Hattie was very much amused at this experience of her Uncle’s, and declared she never meant to follow any fashion that was not of some use.

CHAPTER XV.

HATTIE TO HER MOTHER.

DEAREST mamma and all, Christmas is over, and I must remember everything to tell you. We are all so happy at the villa — If you were only here, we should be happier still. — Helen is perfectly well, now; her color has come back, she can sing, and she is gay enough, and jokes with Uncle almost as much as I do.

She wrote you about the lessons, which we are quite good about, Kate says, and she knows.

But I must tell you about Christmas eve; we started early, for fear of a crowd, and even then the church was full; it was Sta Maria Maggiore, with two rows of white marble columns, and two chapels, all marble.

We could hardly squeeze in; Uncle took Helen, and I was with Kate, for Will and Mr. Russel could not be found when we left home. At last we were able to push our way up near the

Altar ; presently, some one said the Pope was coming, and we saw him sitting high above us in his chair, with all the cardinals and bishops ; but I could not see the cradle, for just then the crowd pushed us back.

But afterwards it opened, and we came up close to the Swiss guard, who stood between the Altar and the people ; they are such strange figures, mamma, dressed in striped clothes, of red, and yellow, and blue, with high ruffs, very dirty ; the stripes are fixed so as never to match, and I studied them well in that crowd ; they almost put your eyes out. Will says it's to prevent the dress ever being copied by any enemy of the Pope, for they are his guard.

We kept standing, expecting something ; but nothing more came, not even the music ; Uncle was close behind me, and I felt safe, he is so broad and tall, and when he smiled ; you know how, mamma.

Then I looked at Kate ; I thought something was the matter, and when I asked her, she said she was so tired and heated, she wondered if we could not get out ; but I felt her begin to lean on me, and presently, she slid forward, and fell so oddly between two of the striped men ! Uncle could not reach her, but one of them picked her

up, and handed her to Uncle, and at last we all got out, into a chapel on one side, where we were comfortable, and a kind old Priest brought some water; Kate said she felt ashamed to give so much trouble.

Mr. Russel is such a queer man—you can never find him; he is very kind, but he is always poking about old walls and stones, and talks about digging in the Palace of the Cæsars, with a regular shovel, which is against the law; and then he is so dreamy, and forgets to come home to dinner, and Kate gets quite impatient when he keeps her waiting four hours.

We did not go to midnight mass that night, though I wanted to awfully, because Kate had to rest for Christmas morning.

We got up very early, and dressed entirely in black silk dresses, and lace veils, fastened into our hair. You cannot think, mamma, how lovely Helen looked; I could not help kissing her, and telling her so, which made her blush, as she used to when you said things of that sort. May, even, had a veil, and a dark merino, and looked like a beauty, with her curls, and splendid eyes; but I did not tell *her* so.

I don't know how I looked, I'm sure; Will cried out when we walked into breakfast one be-

hind the other, that he thought it was a procession of nuns. No one can sit down where the Pope is, without being fixed as we were; we might walk about the church in our bonnets.

We drove to St. Peter's in our carriage, all open, with sun-shades; you did not think of doing such a thing as that, Christmas day, at home! And it was such a sight, all the carriages going the same way, full of ladies in black, and quantities of people walking; so many Priests in shovel hats, and the Cardinals in their grand coaches, crawling so slowly, over the bridge of St. Angelo; the streets were full of counters close to the houses, where they were selling fried things and vegetables, and fruit; everything seemed to be alive. I never saw such a happy looking Christmas!

The great Piazza was so crowded that we crossed it very slowly, but there always seems to be room enough in St. Peter's; we could easily walk up the nave, to the seats, which are put up for ceremonies, on each side of the high Altar; an officer dressed in black velvet, with a high ruff, which Uncle said was like the days of Queen Elizabeth, took our tickets; but I saw him refuse one lady because she only had her bonnet in her

hand. I didn't know how such an innocent thing as that could displease the Pope.

We saw a few ladies in the opposite seats whom we knew, and two or three girls. I am so glad to have Julia Grant here, and the Ellises; they have joined our drawing class. Kate knows some people we do not.

Soon after we were seated, there was music at a distance, and at the very end of the church, I saw two enormous fans waving, as large as a door, I believe; first came the Priests, then the Bishops in purple, and the Cardinals in splendid dresses, and behind all, the feather fans on each side of the Pope's chair, which was carried by twelve bearers, on long poles. The Pope waved his hands, first one side and then the other, with only two fingers held out—that was blessing the people.

The soldiers knelt down as he passed, and their swords made such a clanging on the stone floor, and every one bowed his head. I thought there was no harm in my looking, so I saw he had a pleasant smile, and I should not be afraid to ask him for something, if such a young person as I am could want anything of a Pope. It took the bearers a long time to help him out, and car-

ry away the chair, and then he was undressed and dressed over again in white, behind the Altar. At last he came up the steps of the Altar, and two or three others held the book, and the high candles were burning; we heard the Pope's voice very well, as he chanted the service. The singers, called the Pope's choir, were in a gold balcony, very near our seats.

Kate said the music was grand, so many voices together; just at one moment, after the Pope had chanted a verse alone, came the most beautiful sounds, from the dome, I thought, but when I looked up, I could not see anything but the great painted figures, which seemed to be looking down at us.

Kate told us it was the silver trumpet, which was like heavenly voices answering those of earth. I forgot to say that there were lines and lines of soldiers, some of them in splendid uniforms—yellow legs and high boots—with a dark blue coat; these were the noble guard—*guardia nobile*—others in red and white, and a few men in bright crimson silk clothes, with red stockings; they are the Pope's servants.

It dazzled my eyes, so many colors. After the service was over, the Pope's procession went

slowly out, and we were left to walk about the church as long as we pleased.

I try to tell you everything we do and see, dear mamma, and it does not tire me to write such a long letter, because I do it when I feel like it. Helen is always saying she wants to send some account of what we see in the streets, and everywhere, and we can keep a journal, and send home a great deal at once.

Uncle writes great business letters in the evening very often. Last evening, when we were talking over our adventures by the fire, a lady came in with a bunch of flowers for Kate, which grew in the open air; and such monstrous pansies! I will beg her for one to press for you.

Monday. — Now it is a week after I wrote about Christmas, and we have had a new year's eve. That was a grand ceremony at a church called the Gesú, very large, with a beautiful Altar, where on festivals, that is, great days, a large silver image of St. Ignatius Loyola, appears, and below it are marble statues; over his head, is a huge ball, of some precious stone, which is of a deep blue color. At the high Altar, in another part of the church, the wall was covered with candles, up to the top, and all lighted.

An Italian, whom we know, took us there, and we climbed up a steep, narrow stair-case, through some dark places, till we came to a balcony, in the church, very high above the floor; right opposite was the organ, and singers, and another organ on the other side of the nave, just the same.

We could look down, and see everything that happened; and soon after, the Pope walked up the nave, which is like the broad aisle, only so much broader; he was surrounded by Cardinals and soldiers, holding candles; he knelt down at a crimson cushion, at the head of the nave, and I could hear his voice in the prayers, and just when it stopped, the music seemed to roll all about us. When the service was finished, he stood up himself, and I liked to see him seem like a man, and not like an image, as he did in the chair.

Such crowds of people, and lights, and music; I never thought there could be anything half so splendid, and we were so quiet in our balcony up in the air. It rained very hard, and we had to ride home after all, though Uncle sent our carriage for some ladies, who do not keep one — friends of Kate; and one of them is not well enough to walk. Uncle asked us if we should not like to walk sometimes, and lend the carriage

to two or three people who have not any, and have not seen half the distant places. I said "yes," because I like full as well to walk, and better, when I can peep into odd places, and dark alleys; but I knew Helen liked nothing so well as this driving in an open carriage; because she says she can half shut her eyes, and imagine how things used to be, in the old days of Rome.

But you never would have guessed she hated to give up riding, she said so sweetly, "oh yes, Uncle, it will be pleasant to think of Kate's friend enjoying the whole day in our carriage; you know they can take luncheon, and stay all day!" But I'm sure Uncle thinks it's good for us to give up, and he had just as lief walk all his life, he is so easy; he only wants somebody else to be pleased.

One thing more, I want to tell you before this letter goes off to the post, and that is, our going to the church of the Ara Cœli, on the Capitoline hill. I believe there are two or three hundred little steps up to the door, and very steep; it is an old, bad smelling church, with little altars all round, trimmed with artificial flowers, and pewter hearts, and images; but it's famous for having the holy Bambino, that is, an image of the child Jesus, kept there, and Christmas week, it is

always crowded with people, going to see the chapel, in which is a scene from the Bible.

The cradle and child are on the grass, with Mary and Joseph, all in wax; and the country is behind, with the wise men coming to worship. On the steps of the church, they are always selling pictures of the Bambino, and little images; two or three times in this week a little girl preaches a sermon, in the Ara Cœli, and you don't know what good language she used, for I could understand some of the sentences, now I am getting on with my Italian.

Good bye.

CHAPTER XVI.

HATTIE TO THE CHILDREN.

DEAR Lizzie, and Carrie, and Bob, and little cousins,

I promised you all a letter about the Carnival, which really means, Mr. Russel says, "a farewell to meat," and besides, it means, I am sure, a welcome to sugar-plums: but I must begin at the beginning, and I tell you it will be a long story, because it lasts eight days; but I shall only tell you the best ones.

When I looked out of the window the first morning, only think, it was almost raining; "what will become of the carnival!" I cried to Helen. Kate's friends told her there would be no fun, the first day, and she would not go; and Uncle was afraid of Helen's throat in the damp; so Will and I were the only ones who had spirit enough to walk through the muddy *Via Frattina*, down to the Corso.

Our balcony was so easy to get at, because

the shop was near a corner, and we only had a few steps along the crowded Corso. We found the man who kept the shop just hanging up some crimson things, and opposite were bright yellow hangings at all the windows. Thomas had sent a lot of masks, and there was a great basket of *confetti*, little sugar-plums made of *plaster*, except a few real "bonbons."

So Will and I began to pelt the people underneath with the *confetti*, and one man in black was as white as snow, before he found us out; then he started off. Mr F. and his cousin were passing, dressed in cloaks and hoods; they saw us, and came up too and helped — though there was not much to do that first day.

All up and down the Corso, as far as I could see, these bright colors were hanging; the rain stopped, and when it was pleasanter, the people began to come faster; and Will bought a basket of flowers — miserable, dead things, done up in little hard bunches; they hurt you more than the *confetti*, in your face; I had my nose cut with a thump from one of them, flying over from the window opposite, and now I have to hold up my mask with one hand, and throw with the other. But our Italian friend who came up, laughed at us for thinking there was any fun yet.

Monday.—The weather was clear, and the Carnival began in style. Uncle Allan, Mr. Russel, the girls, and the other party, of our friends, who took part of our long balcony, were there, about three o'clock. We stood May up in a corner in a chair, and tied a mask on under her hat, which was the best way for all of us; she kept throwing little handfuls of *confetti*, which did not hit anybody; we had such a monstrous basket, children, bigger than our big apple basket, and we shovelled them up with wooden spades, such as the grocers use for sugar.

A great many carriages came into the Corso. Some high wagons, with four horses, full of such odd looking figures, dressed like harlequins, all in stripes of red and yellow; and a tall man driving on the box, dressed like a woman, with a great bonnet on!

When they saw people they knew in the windows, they would stop and begin pelting them, and throwing big bunches, and the others threw back. Oh it was such fun to see any one we knew, passing in the carriages, and hit them every time; some of them sent beautiful flowers at us, and Helen got a lovely box, full of little gold playthings.

I wonder who sent that; don't you long to see it, Lizzie, and Carrie, and all of you?

We stayed all that afternoon, and saw such strange men down among the carriages, pushing their way, and screaming, and making believe tipsy. At last the hour came to stop; and some men on horse-back, galloped about, clearing the Corso, and pushing back the people. We were glad to be safe up in the balcony!

Every now and then, we heard a shout, and somebody cried, "*Vengono i cavalli!*" and that means, 'the horses are coming;' and then a poor scared dog would race by, with something tied to his tail, right in the middle of the Corso, and the people would scream. At last a gun fired, and then came the horses, eight of them, (with crackers tied to their tails,) rushing up the street, a whole mile from Piazza del Popolo, to Piazza Venezia, where they had to stop; and then the Carnival was over for that night.

Giovedì Grasso, that means "fat Thursday," we did not do much that was different from the other days; but Thursday is called the height of the Carnival — the best day: a great many more carriages, and people everywhere; the open carriages all lined with white, and on the front seat great baskets of confetti and flowers; and gentlemen, and ladies, in all sorts of dresses, standing

up to throw better. Oh my dear children, I wished you were all here in Rome, to see it!

Along the side-walks under the houses, are chairs, that you can hire; and to-day I saw near us, a real beauty, a girl from the *Trastevere*, they said; she sat under our balcony, and I could peep over at her, and pour a nice little stream down on the back of her neck. Sometimes she would brush it off!

In her hair, with great black braids, was a gold ornament, and she had on a fine scarlet and gold boddice.

Helen and I went to the Colosseo, yesterday, and brought away quantities of wall-flower and purple blossoms, with green leaves; and besides, we bought a good many in the street, where they sell them all winter, at the corners; the Conditti is the best place for great roses, and carnations, and such splendid camelias! Well, we worked hard last evening, and made hundreds of pretty bunches, instead of those ugly ones you buy in the Corso, where the boys are always crying, "*Fiori, Fiori*," which means flowers.

I fixed May in her corner, and then I tied a bunch to one end of a long string, which she held over the edge of the balcony, just as if she was

fishing, Bob; and it jumped about on the heads of the people in the street, and two little boys tried to catch it, and when they came near doing that, May twitched it back; it plagued them awfully, and made more fun for May, than the *confetti*, even.

Once though, she felt something pull, and she could not twitch it back; "there, you've got a bite, May," said I; and we peeped over, and found it had caught such a funny fish—too heavy to pull up! It had caught round an old gentleman's button; and he was looking at the flowers, and trying to get them off—then I gave a good pull, and he looked up, and seemed so surprised to see a rosy little face, and bright eyes, at the other end of the string. So I told May we would let him have them; and let the string go.

He put the flowers in his button hole, and laid his hand on his heart, with such an elegant bow, that I know he was a Frenchman! And pretty soon after, we saw a basket, fastened to a long pole coming up right over the balcony, full of bon-bons. May said that was the old gentleman's pay.

In the next balcony, were some German gentlemen; one of them turned out to be the Prince

of Prussia's brother, and the other something grand; and they played just like boys with the *confetti*! Oh, so many baskets full, I declare, they used more than we did, with Will and all of us! Sometimes, when there was a black figure underneath, they would pour and pour, all over his hat and his coat, till he was white as a miller.

They looked at May's jokes with the string, and every now and then would lean over and try to get it away; then I whispered to May to throw it at them, and she let them have a nice bunch, with pansies and roses; the Prince's brother fastened it in his coat, and what do you think, children! in about an hour after, one of them handed over the most beautiful doll, which May has walked about with till she went to bed, and every day it will appear at the Carnival.

These Germans had the greatest frolic with one of the big wagons, because I suppose they knew the men in it, dressed like sailors; the wagon stopped before the balcony, and they kept up such a tremendous firing at each other, that lasted till the signal came for the Race.

Another day, we were to drive all the time in an open carriage; Uncle, Kate, Helen, and I, with a great basket on the floor, and another on

the box. Will went with his Italian crony, and some English boys in a jaunting car, all like negroes! Mr. Russel chose a donkey, and his dress was just as peculiar; it was a peasant with a market-basket full of flowers, his high pointed hat, and loose cloak and all. He was the only donkey, so he got well fired at.

Kate wore a green cloak trimmed with white, (it was all made of cotton,) and a great straw hat, with a wreath of green leaves. Helen chose white, to look just like the carriage, she said; a large white gauze shawl fastened on her bonnet, and going all over her like a veil; she looked like a bride.

What do you think Hattie wore, little curious sisters? Why of course she meant to have all the fun she could, and so she was all in black. I looked just like an old lady, because I borrowed an immense poke bonnet from a lady we know, and then had a veil, and a big shawl, and you wouldn't have known me, would you?

It was warm weather, and when we were driving down to the Corso, we saw hundreds of carriages, and I was so glad to be in the carriage, and out of the tiresome balcony. We left little May up there with the party, and she promised to pelt us.

We had to enter quite at one end, and drive clear through, and then back on the other side of the street; because there are two lines, and they always have to keep in this order. We saw ever so many people we knew on both sides, and a few driving, and they showered us well; and the people in the streets, the harlequins and others teased us, and tried to steal Helen's flowers; and what do you think I had? Guess! Now, Bob, you can't; why a cabbage, in some great leaves!

Helen made a great show, in dazzling white; and I heard one call out "*Angelo*,"—angel—and just as she held her flowers, all pure white, with a camelia in the middle—without thinking, a person snatched them away; wasn't it too bad? But they threw so many from the windows into our laps, that Helen began to throw them away. I heard them call me "*Vecchia*," and that is "old woman;" I stood up and flung *confetti* at the other carriages, and then I groaned like an old woman; and oh, how I laughed to meet Mr. Russel pacing along on the donkey, his hat all battered in, his back all powdered, and a great tin kettle tied to the poor donkey's tail; how innocent he looked; they said, May screamed out, "what is there in the kettle, papa?"

We saw a man, (I suppose it was a man) but

it looked like a bottle, and it made me a bow and growled like a bear! We were sorry to have it stop, that day; but the carriage was such a sight, all the bottom covered thick with *confetti*, and faded flowers sticking about everywhere, and all our clothes full; mine all white: the coachman with powder enough for an old beau, Uncle said; but when the troops appeared, to clear the Corso, we had to go out of the first street we came to.

I suppose you children would have liked the last night of the Carnival the best. Then everybody carries a lighted candle, or taper; some sort of a light. Will helped us make some pretty frames of sticks, hollow at the end, in which we could put some *cerina*, which is a coil of wax. I made a tree with branches, and it was all lighted,—all the little twigs; and Helen's was a star, with rays of light. Will had some queer shapes, and all these we hung about the balcony.

The fun is for every one to put out every light he can reach, and to save his own; first we were to be in the balcony, and then in the carriage; Uncle advised us to put on our woollen dresses, and I had on my head a little cap with a feather.

When we got to the Corso, you cannot think how magnificent it was — everywhere a blazing

light, and people screaming to each other and dashing out tapers ; people had long poles with extinguishers on the top, or little flags to flap out the light ; they always cried "*Senza Moccolo*," "*Senza Moccolo*," without light, that means.

We lit up our trees and things, and they made a great show, and not like anything else there. May had her light at the end of a stick, and she would forget to save it, and the same Germans, in the next balcony, would steal up to the corner and flap it out, and poor little May could never reach them, of course ; so I told her I would, and then I tied a small shawl on the end of a pole, and when the Prince's brother was at somebody in the street, I made a great waving with the shawl, and put out his light, and covered his head over too ; did you ever know anything so funny ? I held on tight, and he twisted and turned till he got out, and then he tried to catch mine. But pretty soon we went down to get into the carriage, and carried our poles with us, and a great coil of *cerina* ; Will stood in front, and we girls, and Uncle inside ; Uncle laughed so much he could not save his light very often.

One man tormented us ; he had on a queer cap and a domino, which half covered up his face ; at last he climbed right up on the back of our carriage,



SENZA MOCCOLO.

when we were stopping for the crowd, and flapped out all our lights at once, with an enormous banner, which he kept waving about; it was too bad! I begged Will to push him off; and Uncle did nothing but laugh, because it's the rule of the Carnival to let people plague you! I could never keep a light, because this man would put it out.

Then I whispered to the coachman, "*piu presto*," that means "faster;" and there was a little room in front, so he started the horses, and off went the banner man into the street; perhaps it was the Prussian gentleman, to punish me for catching his head! Should not you think, children, it would be good fun, when we never do such things at home? and the droll part of it is, that the grown up men and women, seem just as young as you do when you get up a great frolic. Only think — the banner man turned out to be Mr. Russel; wasn't that a joke?

The street was so crowded, and all the people in the windows could tease you as well as the walkers, and the other carriages; but all of a sudden, a gun fired, and everything stopped right off, as quick as a flash; but Mr. Russel carried May home before it was quite over.

This is the end of the Carnival, and everybody is to be very sober now, because Lent begins,

when the Catholics will not eat much, and stop playing, till after Easter Sunday.

Oh, children, if I could only take you to walk here, and buy you some roasted chestnuts, which they are always cooking at the corners on braziers. Good bye.

From your sister

HATTIE.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM HELEN'S JOURNAL.

Friday. — To-day we went to the very top of St. Peter's; first we turned from the left side of the church through a door, into a passage, which seems to be going up hill, like a road, where horses might go, I am sure; we kept winding up and up, till we came to the first balcony, which runs all round the bottom of the dome; down on the floor of the church, you could see a little man sweeping, and everything looked so small — even the great bronze Baldachino over the high altar — and there was plenty of dust on the top of it.

Then the guide started us off again, before Hattie had gone half way round the balcony, but Uncle made him wait; the next part was up the side of the dome, where it was so narrow, and leaned like our state-room in a storm; this led to where the balcony runs round the top of the dome, and there we saw so plainly the figures of the Apostles in mosaic, inside of it. After a few

more narrow winding stairs, we came to the lantern, and ran into the open gallery round it from which we could look down into the Piazza, and over the city, with the sea on the other side; it was a great picture; there was another party up there, and Kate knew them a little.

I wrote some words on a bit of paper, Uncle tore out of his pocket-book, dated, "Top of St. Peter's, eleven and one quarter o'clock; the sky is clear and blue; we can see almost to America; Kate is sitting on the ground, sketching; Hattie, playing dodge round the columns with Will—I send a greeting across the sea;" then I blew the paper away to the Mediterranean, as those strange people did on the mountains, in "Huc's travels;" they had horses drawn on paper, for travellers, below, and really believed they could use them!

Inside the lantern there is a large room, with windows and seats; but the queerest part, was getting into the ball, up that little narrow iron ladder, which squeezed even me. The Ball will hold sixteen persons, and has a seat all round, with slits in the wall to look out of. Coming down, we stopped on the roof a long time; how little I thought I should see a house on the roof of a church! A low sort of a cottage, where the

workmen live, who take care of St. Peter's, and have everything sent up. I guess they don't come down very often; Hattie laughed so to see a great white cat, sitting up as solemn as a churchman, at the door; we picked some moss, and little ferns, which grew in crevices over the edge of the roof, and I reached up to touch with the point of my sunshade, one of the great marble men, that stand along the front. It was so amusing! just as I peeped down, down into the Piazza, I was sure I saw Mr. Russel, with his eyeglass, gazing up at us; he was there, but he was studying the walls!

As they were driving home — this day of which Helen has been writing — through *Via del Croce*, Kate pointed up a dark, dirty alley, or small side street, *Via bocca di Leone*, and said, "I don't believe you can guess who lives in one of those houses, on the third piano; some one whom you would give a great deal to see!"

They stretched out to look at the dingy, prison looking houses, and Helen guessed a girl from New York — "No, no, wrong; a much more remarkable person — you cannot tell? Well, it's Mrs. Browning."

"Oh," cried Helen, "I would rather see her than any person in Europe." Uncle Allan laughed very much, and asked Helen if she were old enough to understand Mrs. Browning's poems, for that must be the cause of this great desire.

She told him she had learned a good many by heart, and they *had* made her love and admire the writer. "Well, Helen, we must manage to let you see the greatest person in Europe — Hattie, which had you rather see, "E. B. B." or Queen Victoria?"

"I never thought much about either of them, Uncle; the person I want to see is "Fanny Kemble;" do you think she is in Rome, Kate?"

"What makes you choose her, Hattie?"

"Because I heard her read in three plays, and I thought she was so splendid."

"We may get a chance for you both, children, but here we are at home."

"I'm glad of it," exclaimed Hattie, "for Will and I are going to have a canter out of Portland as soon as we have done dinner. Oh, how I like the city! It has made me!"

"Well," said Kate, "I will go with you," and she opened the door where the girls were finishing their lessons, holding

their books.

"Come, Hattie," said she, "read this note from Miss Murray — read this invitation."

Hattie read; "Dear Kate, S. P. came in to say that Mrs. Kemble would be happy to see *us*, on Thursday evening at eight o'clock, and she assures me that Mrs. K. would be equally pleased to see all *your* family; so do call for us, and let us go together. I ought to say, that she will not allow us to speak to her; which may prevent your wishing to go — but I shall certainly accept, as she proposes to read 'Julius Cæsar!!!!'"

"Was there ever such good luck," cried Hattie, jumping about the room; "did she know I wanted to hear her? How strange she should think of us!" Kate laughed so peculiarly, that Hattie began to suspect it was a hoax; especially as it was too good to be true, and she accused Kate's friend of trying to cheat them.

"Now, Hattie, it's all true that Mrs. K. will be happy to have us go to hear her read; just run down to *Piale's*, and you will find I am telling the truth."

Hattie said she would run a great deal farther, to be sure of hearing Mrs. Kemble read to-morrow night; and she and Helen concluded to start off at once: they went over Monte Pincio, where now in the third week of March, every-

thing was bursting into blossom ; pretty children were running among the flower-beds, while their nurses chattered on the benches ; gay young officers smoked their cigars over the fountains, while in an arbor, apart, sat some sentimental pair, whispering together ; handsome carriages drove in all directions, or waited while the ladies walked ; nature herself was all joyous and fresh.

The sisters ran quickly down the steep paths of the Pincian, into Piazza di Spagna, and hurried over to the bookstore, where on the wall, among the list of Festa's, and church music for the week, they saw in large letters a notice, that Mrs. Kemble would read Shakspeare's play of 'Julius Cæsar,' the next evening, at a hall in Piazza Mignanelli.

"Helen," whispered Hattie, "how foolish I was to believe that note ; but at any rate, we shall hear her, and I dare say Kate was deceived at first, too, which is a great comfort !"

They went to the "Reading," and every one who has had the same pleasure, can understand how great was the gratification of all, at hearing this play read in Rome : where they still show you the true blood of Cæsar, on Pompey's statue.

One evening the news came that the Colos-

seum was to be illuminated. The Arena was full of people — At last a bugle sounded, and a greenish light spread over the highest arches, bringing out the broken edges of the heavy stone work. As it grew fainter like smoke, another bugle — and then a rich, warm glow, brightening every moment, lit up all the lower part; revealing with startling brilliancy, steps, arches, columns, and vines; and gradually filling the lowest recesses with a lurid, and mysterious gloom. It was a new splendor, a new Colosseum, enchanting our friends, and making even Mr. Russel enthusiastic!

CHAPTER XVIII.

KATE TO FANNIE.

So you wish for a letter all to yourself, dear Fan, and now that I feel quite at home, it is very pleasant to tell you how much there is to enjoy, and how our party, in this charming villa, leaves nothing, but a few of you from home, to wish for. What shall I begin with, where there is so much to offer? Of many things you hear through my letters to the family. I can tell you of our last excursion, and also what delightful companions I find in Helen and Hattie, so intelligent, frank and fresh; and their uncle, with all his indulgence, helps them to make a good use of all they do.

Helen cares most for nature and pictures; Hattie for adventure, and the different people we meet. We have all been to Miss ——'s studio, where I admired very much the "Medusa," her finest work as yet. Who can say he does not like it, because it is not a monster of horror?

“Only one wave of despair and pain has passed over those speaking features; the lovely tresses only quicken with young and budding snakes;—as yet, they are the ornament, and not the agony of that fair head.” But the expression changes as you look, and from perfect beauty, you see the first anguish steal over the face, making you shiver in the dread of what may come.

Tuesday.—Charming *Monte Mario*,—shall I ever forget how steep the hill is, up to the gate of Villa Mellini, at the very top, or the quarrel I had with the *custode*, for which I had to pay too many *baiocchi*; or the long avenue of Ilex trees, where we stopped to look at the dome of St. Peter's, which seemed to rest on the edge of a hill, just under a wide-spreading pine, which served as a canopy!

Then the house, square, and deserted as we thought, overlooking Rome and the Tiber in its windings, as far as Mont Soracte; the whole panorama of Rome, her hills and campagna stretching round us as we sat under the tall cypresses, which border the edge of the steep slope, falling off sheer down to the rich valley below us.

We thought the Casino looked deserted, as only for one moment, when a blind flapped back

and we saw a man's face at the window, was there any sign of life about it; but we have since heard that an old countess lives there with her physician, whom she took as a young man into her house; she has a strange fancy for turning night into day; so the Casino is shut up until evening, when the countess drives about, and does what other people do in the day time. The poor physician has to follow her course, which cannot be always to his taste, one would think; perhaps it was his face that peeped out at us for a second, as we sat on the bank, eating oranges and making jokes; but we walked round the house unconscious, and wondered when it would open, and wished we could live there to watch the purple lights steal over the Sabine hills, or follow those little paths which wind down into the rich fields which supply Rome, all winter long, with the finest vegetables, while you are eating turnips and cabbage at home.

We found peas a foot from the ground; and picked, along the banks, marigolds and forget-me-nots, and you must remember that this was early in February!

Lately we have had a great pleasure, which would have made your eyes shine, and your cheeks burn as Helen's did when she heard we

were asked to meet Mrs. Browning, at the house of an English friend of mine. It was a little musical party, and Mrs. B. was not present at first, but after an hour had passed, my friend came to me, and said that she would introduce me to her in the next room ; just as I was crossing the threshold, I had the strangest mingling of longing and dread, which the next moment would change to certainty.

She was sitting in a low chair, near the fire ; her smile sweet, and her voice very low ; she was smaller than I expected, and her hair dark instead of light, as some writers have chosen to describe it ; her conversation was interesting, and there is an intensity of expression at times in her dark eyes, which justifies the hold she takes on all people of feeling.

I beckoned Helen to come, and told Mrs. B. that she was one of her young lovers ; and I felt as if the grateful admiration in Helen's clear eyes, was a sufficient assurance of all the good she has done many young minds and hearts in America.

The next day we were invited by an Italian acquaintance to see a young girl made a nun, at the Chiesa Catarina.

She had an interesting face, but looked sad, and Signor G—— told us that she had been very ill

in the night, probably from excitement. She was dressed in white satin, with delicate white feathers in her hair; a little child stood by her side in a pink dress, with a wreath of roses round her head; she represented the guardian angel of the young girl; her mother and other relatives were with her.

First, she listened to an address from a Priest, a part of which I caught, which was good advice, and the repeated assurance that she was leaving the world for a better and safer home. After he had finished, she knelt before a gorgeously dressed Cardinal, who cut one lock from her forehead; then she withdrew, and showed herself again for one moment, only, through a grating, in her nun's dress.

From the portico of the church, a door opened into the convent, adjoining, and as many of us as could get in were admitted to see her for the last time. Her sister-in-law, a countess, spoke to me, and told me that she was happy.

You have heard, Fan, of the famous picture, by Guido, of *Beatrice Cenci*; but all the copies that reach America give no idea of the original.

She is exquisitely fair, and, if we did not know her tragic story, she would seize upon our hearts! But what a history lies in those mournful eyes,

and in the threads of golden hair! Is there no help but through a stormy death?

In the grim *Palazzo Cenci*, where her spirit may sometimes linger, we found the mild Overbeck's studio, whose pure angelic forms may yet exorcise the woes which still haunt those gloomy halls.

You would have been highly amused had you gone with us the other day to Piazza Navona, which is a large oblong square, not far from the Pantheon, with two immense fountains; in the month of August it is flooded for the pleasure of horses and little boys; but now, in February, it is used once every week for a sort of fair, and we went with a friend of ours, who keeps house, and is unusually fond of making bargains, to purchase all sorts of things; her woman accompanied us with a large basket, and no bonnet.

All over the ground was spread every kind of thing you can imagine, and we were obliged to pick our way among crockery, vegetables, lamps, pots and pans, and queer old women, in the most careful manner,—our friend stopping continually to ask, "*Quanto?*" (how much) and going through the usual practice of beating down, by

a series of signs with her fingers, each one counting ten cents, or a *paolo*, which the merchants on change there seemed to understand ; so she managed to get a Roman lamp, for which the man first asked three dollars, for a dollar and a half, at last, he running after her with it.

. At the Colosseum there is preaching twice a week. I sat one day on the first row of arches, just above the rude wooden pulpit, enclosed by a railing, around which, in the arena, sat or stood a large number of people ; then came a procession of monks covered all over with a robe of brown serge, which gave them a frightful air of mystery ; from these colored masks there came a strange unearthly chanting.

These are the order of the *Miseracordia*, and they are ready to answer a call at any hour of night or day, to the sick and dying, to a fire or a funeral ; there are princes and nobles among them — even the Grand Duke of Tuscany belongs to the order ; but whether prince or peasant, they are all alike, in that garb.

The preacher, also in a brown robe, without the mask, seemed much in earnest ; as I listened, the sweet syllables rang through the stillness like music, and the Colosseum, in its grand propor-

tions, its graceful draperies of green vines, and rich lights, never seemed so impressive before.

I have seen the *Suonatore*, the engraving of which is ——'s favorite; it is sometimes said to be a likeness of Raphael himself, but is called, from the Italian, the "Violin Player." It is one of the few best pictures in Rome. Here you gather up, little by little, the endless objects, and make them a part of yourself—of the heart; a sadness hangs over it all, and yet an exhilaration from the very atmosphere, touches it to life. I do not expect to find any place so imposing and so free.

I have been to the museum of the capitol, and stood by the Dying Gladiator. As I looked at the sinking form, thinking of his young barbarians, and their Dacian mother,—with the distant Colosseum full in view, and, the arena seemed to swim round me, also,—May came and stood, very still, by my side, for some minutes. At last, she broke out as if summing up all the evidence: "Well, he looks rather grunty!" Amid the revulsion of feeling this occasioned, I was forced to admit that, like her papa, she was coming to art by the way of severe criticism.

The last of February we had some cold days, and saw icicles hanging on the great beard of the Triton in Piazza Barberini;—how much I miss you all, and wish for you here in these mild spring days, and in the moonlit *Colosseo*; at vespers in St. Peters; in galleries and villas; on the campagna, where the daisies are putting up their pink heads; and when looking over to Tivoli or Frascati. To this last, Will went this week, on a pic-nic, with some Italians, and in waltzing rather too briskly against a folding-door, which burst open, he came near the honor of upsetting a Cardinal, who was dozing over his *Capri rosso*, in the adjoining room.

My journal, as I must call it, dear Fan, grows and grows, and you can save it for next winter's reading. It is time to tell you of our first visit to the Vatican, which I am now almost familiar with.

You enter the first gallery from the Piazza of St. Peter's, where some of the Swiss Guard are always lounging, looking very tired of doing nothing,—and walk up the long stair-way, broad and imposing, to a *sala*, or hall, from which you may enter the Sistine Chapel, which, perhaps you know, is the Pope's own chapel, and on the wall of which, behind the altar, is Michel Angelo's great picture of the "Last Judgment."

On the ceiling of this chapel are grand figures, of Prophets and Sibyls, by the same hand; we have looked at these frescoes, as they are called, — but in order to see them well, it was necessary to lie flat on the floor, resting our heads on the step, where the Cardinals put their feet during the mass!

At last, after passing other halls and galleries, you reach the place where an old Roman sits, to take away your sun-shade, and two *baiocchi* beside, from which you enter at once upon the marbles, ranged along both sides of you; beautiful carvings on bits of broken cornice, large blocks which might have been tombs, and then busts and figures of Emperors, gods, and goddesses; a side-gallery, called *Nuova braccia* (new arm), filled with the finest forms, which seem to spring up there of themselves, so gracefully are they disposed.

Our good Mr. Thornton is determined to know the name of every thing, and studies them out, — while Hattie whispers, “Oh Kate, how tiresome these old broken creatures are;” and when we reached, at the head of some steps, the celebrated *Torso*, which M. Angelo could not tear himself from, she exclaimed: “Uncle, here is the worst of all, a thing without either head or arms or

legs! Oh dear, if we can ever get to anything I shall like!"

But "patience! Hattie," — for suddenly, after passing one or two small cabinets, we came upon the one which contains the Apollo! The effect was startling; the god seems springing forward, the countenance all life and beauty, and the limbs all grace! "Nothing wanting here, Hattie," said her uncle, and, for the first time, she was in no hurry to move on.

One hall is filled with animals as large as life; and in another, among many fine objects, is a grand figure in repose, called the "Sleeping Ariadne," her head supported by her arm, — she is certainly asleep! In one circular hall, there is an immense Porphyry basin, forty-two and a half feet round, — find out, Fan, how large that is, — which was found in the Baths of Titus. What a bathing-tub for the children! But I can't imagine how they ever climbed in and out without a ladder!

Further still is the Hall of the *Biga*, which contains an ancient white marble chariot, of two wheels; it has two horses yoked to it, and shows exactly how the old Romans used to drive about. There are still more galleries beyond, and then the pictures, — but I am sure you are as tired of

so long a stay at the Vatican, as I was the first time.

It is very refreshing, after all this standing and looking at interesting things, to come out into the great Piazza, before St. Peter's, and sit down on the steps to rest; to see the soldiers going through their exercises, and then to hear the band strike up,—the fountains playing in the sunshine, and such a happy feeling at your heart, till, perhaps, you see a poor woman, passing slowly, ask some stranger to give her a few *baiocchi*, who shakes his head, and walks away. I could not help running, one day, as far as the Column in the centre, to give a little silver to such a woman, and when I reached her I found she had lost her right arm !

I took my first walk on the Campagna, yesterday, with Will. We sat a long time on a hill-side, and watched the peculiar effect of atmosphere between us and Tivoli, which seemed to encircle us like the sea;—I wished I had a horse, to fly swiftly across into the heart of the Sabine hills.

One day, we all pic-nic'd at the Baths of Caracalla, where we found a curious old *custode* to do the honors, who told us he should be afraid to stay all night in his little corner among the

ruins, because the ghost of the wicked Caracalla would be prowling about.

There you stand among immense masses of brick-work, once covered with rich marbles; the first story as high as a common house, on the top of which we stepped from one broken arch to another, crossing little bridges, where the green vines trailed, trying in vain to hide all the decay, and really making it beautiful. Just after I had passed one bit of wall, standing solitary, I heard a crash, and saw a part of it fall; that might have been a little frolic on the part of old Caracalla! but a miss is as good as a mile, even with a ghost against you.

The gentlemen voted it bad company, and we descended again, to examine the pavement of one portion in gay mosaic patterns; it sloped towards the centre, forming basins of some little depth. I picked some bits, that were loose, an inch square, polished on the upper side, in green, purple, and other colors, fitting closely together. How many gay women, and majestic men, have trodden that brilliant pavement, from which I now so carelessly selected the broken fragments!

A few days ago invitations came to a musical party, and Hattie's joy was unbounded at hearing that she was to see F. A. K.; and we were all

excited at the idea of hearing her sister sing. Fanny Kemble entered the room, dressed in a fancy hat of black velvet, ornamented with a jewel and bird-of-paradise. She reminded me of her "Beatrice," only with less of that early brilliancy, though the point of the diamond was still there. Her sister, the celebrated Adelaide Kemble, now Madame —, whose short career on the English stage made many mourn, very kindly consented to sing at the close of the evening. The effect can only be compared to a cataract; as it rushes on over the rocks, so her voice burst over us, and enveloped us in a mist of sound, which almost affected the brain; the upper and lower tones sweet; the middle, perhaps less so, than when she first thrilled the world.

Her sister seemed wrapt in the music,—her eyes full of feeling.

I celebrated my birth-day by guiding the girls into the depths of the Forum; sitting there, under the grand columns of the Temple of Vespasian, where a mourning sound goes up from these lonely watchers over the graves of a past grandeur. In the distance the Colosseum smiles in the sun, and among the ruins of Cæsar's Palace, on the Palatine, cabbages grow in abundance, and a wretched Mr. Smith has built a pink villa!

Canina's fine map of the "Forum Restored," gives an interest to the smallest stone you pick up, which bears marks of the past; this bit of marble, which lies on the table and which I will take home to you, was once the ornament of some temple, or the edge of a step, over which a Cæsar daily walked.

C. writes that, if he were in my place, he should sit before Casa Browning windows until the angels came out; he little dreams of my boldness in going in at the door.

Since I wrote the above, which was some days ago, we have had another musical party, where we had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Kemble read, alternately, with the music from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; Shakspeare and Mendelssohn speaking together. Mrs. K. looked very finely in a cherry dress, with long, drooping leaves in her hair, her voice full of sweetness and feeling.

I went another evening to an exhibition of the Vatican Gallery, by torch-light, with a party of twelve, in all. The light was thrown strongly upon one statue at a time, in some cases improving them very much.

The *Ariadne* was softened, and seemed more than ever the genius of sleep,—a repose more expressive than almost any action.

The *Minerva Medica*, in her lofty attitude, folding her robe around her, also gained, while the Apollo was hardly as fine ; and so it varied ; — the draped statues almost always the best, — but the whole effect was remarkable ; our party pacing through those long galleries, with their silent inmates gazing down from their thrones, — the dusky distance enlivened only by the sound of fountains, which played in the open court-yard, round which we were passing ; the group of queer old men, who carried the torches, twice as many of them as were needed ; but having so little to do, perhaps they preferred the walk. I do not believe there will ever again be such a race of old men and women in Rome ; such models cannot be copied !

Yesterday, late in the afternoon, we had a charming drive out to the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, a circular building of stone, which stands just on the edge of the paved road ; behind it lie the open fields, where we sat and picked the pink daisies, the first common flower of the campagna ; — the noble aqueducts, stretching at intervals over the near valley, which lay between us and the hills, and Rome in the distance — all silent ! Albano and Frascati, with the smile of spring, beckoning to us ! Oh, my dear Fan, it is impossible to tell you how lovely all this is, — the soft Italian air

whispering such promises for May, — the sky of that peculiar richness and depth, against which all the mellow-brown of churches, and obelisks, and the crumbling walls of old, is so harmoniously set.

The *Via Appia*, the great Roman road, on which the tomb stands, is lined for some distance with the fragments of tombs, about which Government is continually digging, and throwing up parts of beautiful statues and ornaments, which are carefully marked. Our friend, Mrs. G——, is crazy about marbles, — as well as my brother, — and always has the good fortune to carry something off, although “against the law!” but she says, “in all that street-full, they cannot be missed!” Her last discovery, on this particular day, was part of a foot, which she hid in the carriage.

She and her family are a great pleasure to us; they live in one of the pleasantest houses in Rome, overlooking the city; the parlor full of sun, and —— of Art. We often make one party to the villas and galleries.

I am improving in Italian; every new word is like a new picture, always a breath of Italy in it. I write down the names of things in use, and our maid, Francesca, helps us to a great many. You would laugh to see me giving directions with a dictionary in my hand.

We have here many pleasant friends, old and new. Mr. Thornton is so magnetic in his benevolence that every body comes ; he is the charm of our evenings, when the rooms are often filled ; then, when the moon is peculiarly attractive, we start off for the *Colosseo* ; or, when not too many, drive about the city, to peep into the curious shops and markets, all lighted up, and stuffed with meats and vegetables and all kinds of things.

Twelfth-night there was a Fair, which filled several streets, where all sorts of playthings were sold ; we drove down to see it, and were so much amused ! The next day, all Rome resounded with tin trumpets.

The way of seeing company here is peculiarly simple and easy ; for those who like to be so, a room-full of people are well entertained with tea and cakes, and are satisfied, because the day has furnished enough food for the mind, and the senses are sufficiently engrossed with the same fare.

We are studying the picture galleries, with my brother's aid. I believe that my judgment is developing, at least it keeps pace with knowledge ; I can distinguish better now between the depth of a true feeling in art, and the superficial, external beauty in a face or form. My brother is a stern

critic; a great name does not frighten him out of his own sense of good or bad.

We discovered, quite in a corner of the Palazzo Corsini, a small Magdalen by Lan Franco, resting on clouds, upheld by angels, the arms outstretched, and eyes raised to heaven; the whole penetrated with an intense devotion and self-renunciation, and, as — feelingly said, “as if it were the result of one electric shock;—all equally inspired!”

The Galleries depend upon sunshine.

I hope to get letters very often from you all; you know, also, a little, what *separation* means. The despair which lies in distance, presided over by the awful sea, and ruled by its cruel waves!—But my mind is so filled,—I feel so deeply the need of improving this great opportunity, that I do not often yield to dejection.

But this letter must come to a close. Good-bye, and remember your absent K.

N. B. I enclose a note from May, which you *must* answer. Laurestinas in blossom on Monte Pincio!

[A Copy.]

Rome, March 8.

Well, Cousin Fan,—

Yesterday we went to the Colosseum, and just

by it was a pretty, green place ; and we went up a little path and found some flowers. We picked some ivy, and one or two flowers.

Oh ! I forgot to tell you that, when we were going we saw some chairs, dressed up like a church, and one of them had some pictures of saints, and a glass of flowers before them.

A little girl came running after us with a little book, as large as a small needle-book, and she asked us, over and over again, to buy it. Good-bye.

Your affectionate cousin,

MAY.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM HATTIE'S JOURNAL.

Miss Marston is such a very funny person ; when we ask her to come and dine with us, she always says she can't do that, but she is coming to pass a fortnight ! then I have got a pin with a hole in the middle, and when I meet her she says, "you've lost the stone out of your pin ;" it's just like April fool, any day ; because I always forget and feel of it, and then she laughs so comically.

One evening Will and I went to call on her, and almost as soon as she came in, she said, "would you like to see my dog ?" of course we said "yes," and she went into the next room, and in five minutes, back she came with him—he is called a wine dog, because he is the kind that follow the wine carts—all dressed in a red flannel shirt, white collar and cuffs ; on his head a red smoking cap, and a pipe in his mouth ; a dress-maker at Naples, made them all.

Then she said we should see him go to sleep

in bed; so she took off all these things, and put on a white flannel night gown and a regular night cap with a border, and ran into her bed room; when she called us in a short time, we saw him covered up in bed, with his eyes shut; and that same make believe look our Lizzie used to have when she didn't want to go to sleep; how he made us laugh!

Miss Marston said he was a good dog, and deserved to get up, and I took him, just like a baby, and undressed him. After that a lady we knew had a party, and invited the dog and his clothes.

If the children were here, how surprised they would be in the streets, to see them selling so many things to eat; and then the little fat fellow on the Spanish steps; the father begs, and everybody gives something to the cunning little boy; his eyes are large and soft, and he wears a pointed hat, and tight breeches, and jacket.

His father wears a sheep-skin over his shoulders; he comes from the mountains, and is a model for the artists to copy. I know one lady who never sees the little boy, without giving him a few *baiocchi*, because he is so pretty; Uncle says his head is too large, and they give him too much to eat. His sister is the handsomest model in Rome.

I wish that "Peppo," was a little prettier; if I run up the steps ever so fast he scrambles after me! I always think of his carrying little "Antonio," off to the lonely Campagna, before him on the mule; and I imagine he is coming after me.

I wonder where the poor children live who are about the streets, all day long, and are in the churches, ready to raise the heavy curtain for us; Uncle gives me his cents or *baiocchi*, and I always carry them in my pocket, to pay them with.

When I ask Francesca, to take me where they live, she shakes her head and says, "*è troppo sporco Signorina*," 'it is too dirty;' but I tell her, I am used to dirt here; mamma would advise us to make some clothes for them, and I will buy some cloth, and try to dress up one, nicely, at least; that will be some comfort.

March twentieth. — I like to see Kate sketch; to-day we walked to St. John Lateran, and sat on the wall; she drew the long aqueducts, and the hills, and put in some color; how convenient her box will be in the country.

There is such a nice secret in the house, but it won't do any harm to tell it here. Kate is painting a picture for Uncle's birth day, which comes in a month. It is our garden, which he loves so much, with the fountain, and colored pavement,

and plants on the wall ; that is the fore-ground, Kate says ; the tall trees on each side, and in the distance, are the hills and Campagna.

Kate says she has taken a license, because she has painted it half up stairs, and half down. It will hang over Uncle's mantel piece, in his library, I dare say : it seems like looking out of a window, and will make us remember this home.

Dear Uncle, I wish I could do something like that for him. Helen can sing and please him ; I wonder if I shall learn to play well on the piano ? that would be something ; perhaps I had better go and practise my new piece !

Mamma told me once that when Uncle Allan was a boy, he used to say that when he was a man, he would make a hot-house, for fruit and flowers, and send them to the people who had not many pleasures ; and when he did grow richer, he began to do so, just as he said ; and mamma admired it in him, to send them to poor people, who could not do him any good in return.

“ That must be the house ” — said Helen, as she and Hattie were walking through Piazza Bar-

berini — “with the butterfly fountain, where ‘Antonio’ was born.”

Hattie asked what she meant, and Helen explained that she was thinking of the first chapter of the “*Improvvisatore*.”

“Oh, yes,” said Hattie, “I remember now, but this is the house where Madam Ossoli lived, too, and that is much more; I heard Signor Rossi telling Mr. Russel, last evening, about her; and he said she lived in that upper room, with the balcony. It was after she was married; and she spent a whole night on the Pincio, with her husband, when the balls were whizzing round her. Then you know how she went through the hospitals, helping the wounded soldiers; was not she a brave, noble woman, Helen? I should like to be in Rome in a Revolution; I should like to fight for Italy!”

“A girl fight, Hattie! what does make you say such things; I am so afraid of a gun, that it makes me tremble in the evening, when we pass the sentinel at our corner; and when he says ‘*Qui Vive*,’* I feel in such a hurry to have somebody say in season, ‘*Ami*.’”†

“Well I don’t believe, if they didn’t, that we should be shot, Helen; that would be too wicked!”

* Who goes?

† A friend.

“But Uncle told me once after he had answered, that an Englishman *was* shot, because he didn’t understand the question.”

“I shall take good care not to let them shoot me,” said Hattie, “though I am no friend of theirs, either; wicked French soldiers, to come here and conquer the poor Italians, and put them in prison; I despise them!”

“Not when they play so beautifully in church, Sunday morning, and in our Piazza, Hattie?”

“No, let them play, that’s all they are good for!”

Hattie was very desirous that her mother should understand exactly, about their style of housekeeping, and said she hoped when she went home, that papa would be willing to have all the dishes at dinner brought in cut up, and handed to each person; and any one who has enjoyed the freedom of Italian dinners, will agree, that it is very pleasant not to know anything about it beforehand, except that there is an order which is never varied from, of a boiled dish first, then fish, then some nice little side dish, followed by roast meat and birds; with *dolce*, and fruits.

The girls thought it would never come to an end, till hunger made them willing to wait longer than otherwise they would have patience to do.—The vegetables were always of the best quality;

and sometimes quite new to them. Artichokes were very much used stewed, or fried in balls; lettuce, always; and cauliflowers almost all winter.

One dish was a favorite; kid sliced in a gravy in which are the seeds of the pine cone; and of a very good flavor; beside, the whole is a mixture of sweet and sour; which gives it the name of *dolce aceto*.

Among the many galleries and studios, there is one of peculiar interest, which Kate and Helen were both fond of visiting; it is that of our own artist, Page; they never tired of looking at a full length portrait of a lady; which in color, had all the richness and depth, of Titian's best pictures; and of which as a likeness, it is sufficient to say that it *satisfied* those who knew most intimately, the original; the dress is of heavy white silk with almost a tinge of green; the neck, and beautiful arms uncovered, head a little turned; on a stand near her, is placed a rich flower in a vase, and behind in a niche, a "Cupid and Psyche," the back-ground a wall, with a small checked pattern, of subdued color; the head, and whole expression, fine, in feeling and grace.

There are also two good copies from Titian, and one from Raphael's "Madonna del Seggiola,"

a wonderful piece of color; also a portrait of Robert Browning, of such value as a likeness and as a beautiful picture, that it is to be hoped a photograph of it may be given to the next edition of his works.

There was one landscape, by an English artist, "Williams," which had just been sold for a large sum, and the picture which could better than any other give a true idea of the country around Rome. A notice of it from the "Art Union," may show why our friends were so fond of seeing it.

"Whoever has this picture, can transplant himself at will into the recesses of those lonely, yet lovely solitudes, that span, as with undulating waves, the walls of Rome. There are the huge aqueducts, dragging their heavy chain across the plain, broken by fitful, gleaming patches of light, as the passing clouds skim across the emerald sea.

Here are the strange abrupt ruins, villas, temples, tombs, standing forth, witnesses of the fertile glory of the past. The Appian Way, bordered by dreary Sepulchres,—beyond are the blue mountains of Albano, and Tivoli, appearing with fantastic loveliness, shrouding in their bosom the fair towns, founded on the classic ruins

of imperial palaces, glistening brightly in the sunshine.

In the foreground appear groups of women and peasants, (*contadine*,) in the picturesque Roman costume, reposing on the shafts of broken columns, among the long flowery grasses and waving reeds; with the heavy cart, and large sleepy-eyed oxen near. While to the right of the picture, a gathering storm contrasts finely with the azure aspect of the clouds, canopying the Sabine mountains."

ANNUNZIAZIONE DI MARIA VERGINE.

March twenty-fifth. — Guns fired from St. Angelo at day-break. The morning was a Festa in itself, everything in gala dress, sky, air and one's own sensations. Signor T. appeared for his lesson at the Villa in festal garb, new gloves, best hat, and cane; he told the girls that every one was going to "Grotta Ferrata," near Frascati, where the peasants assembled from all quarters, to celebrate the Festival of the Virgin, by eating pig!

The streets were full of people, gayly dressed — a true Roman holiday; the Pincian hill, covered with groups of little families, and children playing, and carriages. Our friends concluded that



MONTE PINCIO.



the drive among such crowds, to the Fair, would be through volumes of dust, and preferred the shady groves of Villa Borghese, which is open all day to visitors.

Stopping first, at the Casino, they made the tour of the building, and saw in an upper room the *Daphne*, just changing into a tree, as she is pursued by Apollo, each finger having become a twig!

The grounds are on a grand scale, and there was a country feeling, in the freedom of the groves and green banks; the girls sat on the grass a long time, looking at some young Priests playing ball; they were so awkward in their long gowns, and yet enjoyed the freedom entirely — there were also schools of boys in high beavers; and people richly dressed. May played about incessantly, always adding to the picture.

In the streets of Rome, there are constant Processions, and this is peculiar to all Catholic cities; first you meet a long line of nuns in white muslin veils, and their hands crossed before them — soon after a school of little boys, dressed alike, and pacing as solemnly, as if they were old men; and then the Capuchin fraternity, in their dingy brown cloaks and hoods, half thrown back from

the bare crown ; bare-footed — with perhaps sandals, and beads round the neck.

May was walking with Helen, one day, when they met a funeral procession, in such a gorgeous array, that May said it certainly must be the Pope.

CHAPTER XX.

HOLY WEEK.

April 9th.—“*Domenica delle Palme,*” and the first day of Holy Week. Mr. Thornton had secured tickets for St. Peter’s, but by some delay they reached there too late to get seats in the boxes, which were quite filled.

Kate and Hattie managed to be separated from the rest, and were among those nearest the procession, and had a grand view of the Priests, Bishops, Cardinals, and the Pope,—all bearing the tall Palm branches which were to be blessed. The finest looking man among them was the Bishop, from their own city, in violet and white robes, with a gold band round the large hat.

They could see nothing of the others, and, after waiting till the church was empty, sat on the steps watching the last of the brilliant groups disappear;—as they had only veils, without even sun-shades, the only danger for them seemed that

of being sun-struck. A peasant came out of the Portico with a bunch of Palm, which had been blest, stuck in his hat, and Hattie persuaded him to sell her a few of the leaves, and then hunt up a carriage.

Dear Agnes, wrote Helen—

I think you will like an account of Holy Week, which is just over; so I will begin with Wednesday, the twelfth of April, when we went, at five o'clock in the evening, to St. Peter's, to hear the Miserere, in the Choral Chapel; but we were too late, and there was such a crowd, I was afraid to try to get in, as Kate did; and I stood outside by a pillar, where I could hear part of the music which came so solemnly from the darkened choir.

It was not very easy for us to meet afterwards, and it was almost dark before we found the carriage. We went with Mrs. and Miss Grant, who knew about it, and we did not need any gentleman; that shows how easy it is to do such things here.

Miss Grant told the man to drive very fast to the church of the "*Pellegrini*," which is the Pilgrims,—where we were to see the poor pilgrims' feet washed by the ladies, who are called "*Sorelli*" (sisters). First, we had to wait in a long, narrow

hall, for the door to open, and it was very hot and crowded; and the *sorelli* came through sometimes and spoke to us. They wore over their dress, first, a red apron with shoulder-straps, then a short white apron, and a badge of their order on their left side; they looked sweet and happy, and some of them are noble ladies.

When the time came we went down some stairs into another hall, where the pilgrims were sitting on benches, all round the edge of the room, and before each a sister was kneeling, with a tub and some soap, and washing her feet; some of the poor women looked very old, and weather-beaten, and I am sure their feet needed the good bathing after such a long, tiresome journey; only think, they come, sometimes, forty miles, and are barefooted!

Two of them had the ancient pilgrim-dress, all black, with hoods and great sleeves; while the washing was going on, a Cardinal, dressed in red, read aloud from a great Latin book.

After we had walked round to see them well, we were sent up stairs again into a very large hall, with two long tables and benches behind, and a railing in front; all over the table were little plates of bread and cheese, and lettuce and apples; pretty soon they all came up, with a pil-

grim leaning on the arm of a sister, and sat on the benches; while the sisters kept bringing in bowls of smoking soup, which smelled very good, and, I believe, they had some wine, too.

I guess there were forty or fifty of them; the sisters stood before them, and helped them. Oh, Agnes, I thought it was a beautiful sight, to see the ladies waiting, like servants, upon the poor women; afterwards, they were put into comfortable beds; and, the next night, some more did the same. They generally have between one and two hundred; and in another part of the building, the men are waited upon by the gentlemen.

Still, I think it would be more like Christians, not to let people get so terribly poor; and Uncle says, "if there was a better state of things in Italy, and more work among the peasants, it need not be so;" then it would be obeying our Saviour, all the time instead of once a year, to "wash each other's feet. We went home *so* tired that night!

"*Giovedi Santo*," Holy Thursday, was the day to go to the Sistine Chapel, and hear the Pope's choir sing the Miserere; and we had tickets to see the "Supper," when the Pope waits upon the twelve Apostles, which I wanted so much to see. Miss Grant, who has seen these ceremonies before, went with us; and as Uncle did not care to

spend all day there, he said he could trust us with her, and meet us in the Chapel.

We took some rolls in our pockets, and started at twelve, dressed just as we were on Christmas day ; all in black, with veils. Kate and I are more afraid of the crowd than Hattie ;— but after all, we found the hall crowded with people waiting to see the Pope pass into the Pauline Chapel, in his chair ; we began to feel the jam, and Hattie laughed at us for pushing back outside the crowd.

This made us dread the getting into the “ *Sala Regia*,” where the supper was to be ; and we told Miss Grant and Hattie that we would look in, and let them go without us ; a pleasant gentleman we met there, took us in, and we stood in the high seats for the ladies, and saw the tables at a little distance, upon which we saw the gold covers for the dishes, that I at first thought were soldiers’ helmets ; but we did not stay long.

At last the doors were opened, and Miss Grant and Hattie disappeared ; and we stood at the door of an empty hall, where the Cardinals’ servants kept bustling through with waiters of great hats ! In a few minutes we heard a rushing sound, like the sea, which was the crowd coming up the long stair-case from the feet-washing in

St. Peter's. Oh, we did hope our friends were safe in the *Sala Regia*, for there were dreadful cries of distress, and "*Piano, piano*" (gently) from the Italians.

A lady was brought in to our quiet hall almost fainting, and a little hurt, between two men ; she had been hurt in the struggle, and an English lady was trampled upon and had her arm broken ; but we felt sure that Hattie and our friend were among the first to get in.

It seemed a great while to wait for the Sistine to open, till three o'clock ; and, about one, we began to stand on the steps, and asked the *eustode* to let us in sooner ; but he would not even take money, which a gentleman offered him. When Hattie and Miss Grant came, with all the rest, they told us that they were not hurt, and saw it all. The Pope handed the dishes to the Apostles, which were brought to him by a Cardinal ; he gave each of them a bunch of flowers, and let them carry away all that was left of the supper.

A good many, whom we knew, were near us on the steps of the Chapel, and the crowd kept increasing in the hall, and pressing us nearer to the door, so that I could look through the key-hole, and see a part of the great picture over the altar ! Some of the people were very impatient,

and suddenly we heard a noise outside, and saw the Swiss Guard, one by one, filing round the crowd, — they were certainly coming to the door.

Each soldier came and pushed us back down the two steps; they laid their heavy hands on me, and the crowd pushed forward; I expected they would kill us; but they forced us back, and took their stand on the lower step, looking like images, — while our minister, and a line of ladies walked along the upper step, just as the great door opened in; then the Guard gave some signal to us, and I don't know how I ever got in, but some one put his arms round me and lifted me up.

Kate said she did not know how she should get her feet up the two steps; and, in despair, as she is quite tall, she seized the epaulette of a soldier, and swung herself in through the door, right upon a large priest or bishop dressed in purple, all smiling and snuffy, — it was such a droll end to the fright and the danger, — and in a moment we were safe in the seats, on the right hand. I watched the others come, as if they had been shot out of a cannon!

On the left of the aisle is a crimson throne, for the Princes and Ambassadors, and below them, some gentlemen have seats. This part is divided from the rest by high, gilded fence-work; on the

other side of this fence the Cardinals sit, on each side of the Chapel, except at the head, where the Altar is, and the Pope sits on a raised chair, near the Altar. Over our heads are frescoes of M. Angelo, with such soft colors !

Now, Agnes, you can imagine us sitting, all in black, waiting for the music, which comes from a balcony, high in the wall above the Cardinals' seats on the right. The lights at the Altar are arranged in a triangle, and are put out one by one, at the close of each Psalm ; as the last one is put out, the Miserere begins.

All the music sounded very sad, but that, the most of all. After it was finished, the Pope walked down the aisle, close to where I sat ; he looked very smiling ; but I can't describe to you how queerly the old Cardinals came in at first, dressed in red, with a long purple train, which a man held up behind, and shook out, every now and then ; on their heads were little red caps, and they held in their hands the large hats ; they shuffled along very fast, and had not pleasant faces at all.

Uncle met us after the service, and took us into the Pauline Chapel as we came away, which was very bright with six hundred wax candles, and only a few people were kneeling at the altar. I

forgot to tell you, that a lady who sat by us in the chapel gave Kate a flower, which came out of the bunch the Pope gave to the Spanish pilgrim, at the Supper. This lady knew him, and had part of the bunch from him!

EASTER morning, dear Aggie, the sun was shining bright, and the air was like summer; we went in good season to St. Peter's, where we had good seats. The ceremonies, to us, seemed like the other great days. After it was all over, we went out upon the steps, and stood on a pillar to see the Pope give the people his blessing. He stood in a balcony, over the portico, and I saw his arms stretched out, but I could not hear his voice.

The crowd, and carriages, and soldiers, looked splendidly, as they were all in motion; it is the greatest day of the year; but what I liked best of all was the evening. Just at dark, we drove to the Pincian hill to see the Dome of St. Peter's illuminated; first, it came all silver, a great silver ball in the air, and as we looked, it changed to gold; and we drove as fast as we could, in the open carriage, through some back streets to the Piazza at the very time all the other carriages were driving up to the Pincio, the other way.

The Piazza was blazing with thousands of lights, and we came over the bridge of St. Angelo, where the Dome seemed covered with jewels.

The next evening there were Fireworks on the Pincian hill, and the Italians had a large balcony put up, with seats and an awning, to see them from. An Italian, whom we know, engaged some front seats for us; there were nice-looking people there, and a Cardinal very near. You cannot imagine, Agg, how splendid they are here! — when I think of ours at home, they seem so slow and dull!

First, there was a bursting and blazing all along the top of the hill, — you see we looked across, and up too, — and then a roaring of cannon, and rockets whizzing; the sky was full of balls of all colors, and little balloons shooting up, and then the cannon; there was no pausing; it seemed to be showing, in play, what Rome did, once, in earnest! The Romans are very proud of this; it is called *Girandola*. I never knew Uncle enjoy anything more; he clapped and shouted; even the Italians themselves looked surprised at him.

April 20th. — A lady came to see us this morn-

ing, in the hardest rain you ever saw. We knew her at Naples, and she told us about a Prince something, who was such a lover of music, that he had lately composed a song, during an earthquake, one night, in Hotel Vittoria, which was so shaken that she was up all night. The Prince dedicated the song to her. Hattie thought it ought to be sung in a convulsion fit, to do any justice to its meaning.

We went yesterday to our great sculptor's studio. He was there, in his artist's gown and cap. When we had looked at the beautiful things, he took us, by his private door, through an orange-walk, to the garden, where his wife was sitting in an arbor, reading German. She was in a bed of roses! Everything was bright and warm, the fountain splashing, — it was only April, Aggie, and yet you would think it had been June!

I have kept my letter a week, dear Agnes, to let you know how we liked the Artists' Festa, out on the Campagna, with a tent for their dinner, and donkey and horse-racing. It was on May-day, and it was too dusty riding out, but still I admired the golden broom, sweeping the cliffs, and the Campagna flowers. We saw odd figures on the road, and when we reached the

ground, there was a great wagon ornamented with branches, and the Roman oxen, standing by, of a soft mouse color, with large, mild eyes.

The artists were dressed in all sorts of ways. One, was all in oranges—silk oranges on his clothes, and shoes, and in his hat, and a basket full on his arm, which he handed to us; an old Turk carried round coffee, and an Indian, who is one of our artists, came and talked to us.

Then they had the donkey races,—which are so funny, the donkeys looked so small,—and Hattie rode about, and had one race with a young Italian. Mrs. Kemble was on horseback, and it would all have been very good, if a hard shower had not happened to come up, which drove us into Rome again.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN EXCURSION.

" The champaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere !
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air —
Rome's ghost since her decease.

Such life there, thro' such lengths of hours,
Such miracles performed in play,
Such primal naked forms of flowers,
Such letting Nature have her way
While Heaven looks from its towers."

Who that has passed the *Porta Maggiore*, some fine spring morning with Frascati as his goal, will not understand in his heart, the fullness of meaning in these words of the Poet of Italy, Robert Browning ?

And in those who have been less happy, they must awaken a longing, which only Italy will satisfy. Our travellers are thus starting on " this

morn of Rome and May," and we might see them stop to examine some curious ruins on the right, just after leaving the gate; and look back often to observe the course of the aqueducts, as they passed their long, solemn track.

Hattie had been afraid they had started too late, and soon began to think the sun was getting very hot, as they wound up the hilly sides of Frascati. Smiling villas lay on either hand, and a noble distance; they drove as usual when they had fairly reached the town, into a queer looking court-yard, but found the rooms quite stylish, up stairs, and from the windows splendid views of the Sabine hills, and Rome.

But Tusculum lay still higher, and that must be gained on donkeys. So they mounted the worst of saddles, and paced up the paved picturesque lanes which led to the ruins, getting wide views on both sides, and overlooking beautifully cultivated fields, and pleasant casinos; there were some grand villas, in one of which Fanny Kemble passed that enchanting summer "of consolation."

The steps remain of what was the Amphitheatre of Cicero's villa, at the top of the height; on one of these steps, in the hot sun, a party of English were spreading a repast; but our travellers

agrees, that though this might be classic, as Horace himself had set the example, in this very spot, still it was far from comfortable at the hour of noon; and following Kate, they plunged into the bushes, into a little path which led to a very high mass of rock and trees, up which the gentlemen pulled the girls, and found at the top a sheltered nook, under projecting cliffs, which, screened from the sun, looked out over the lovely valley, to both ranges of hills, and for the first time brought Monte Cavi near enough to distinguish easily the convent which crowns it.

There Vincenzo, the Roman cook, whom they had taken, as useful in all ways, produced a basket, and it gave Helen peculiar delight to give a large roll and some cheese, to a handsome peasant, tending sheep, just under the rock. On the way down, they stopped at a Villa, and walked over the casino, full of stately halls, where the views stretched across the plain to Rome, and from the dinner-table, looking through an open door, a splendid waterfall was seen, coming from a great height, dashing down over rocks into large basins below in the court-yard!

The girls made their donkeys trot, when they reached anything like a level; and came up to the Locanda in good style. They drove on rap-

idly, wishing to reach Albano at night—stopping at *Grotta Ferrata*, where they saw some frescoes in an old church; and reached before sunset the woods of *Marino*, where the road runs through an avenue of trees, sometimes up hill and sometimes down; there the peasants were washing at a fountain and singing; and it was so exhilarating that they all stood up in the carriage and sang too, as loud as they could; Helen's voice was so powerful and melodious, that the men at work on the road-side stopped to listen.

The carriage was with difficulty dragged up the steep street, into *Castel Gandolfo*, the name of the Pope's favorite summer villa, and of the dirty little town, with its one street, which was just now filled with the peasants, in festa dress, scarlet boddice and short blue skirt, hair nicely looped and braided, and fastened with long golden arrows.

Then burst Lago Albano on their enchanted sight, as they rode through the *Galleria*, or avenue, of noble Ilex trees, past little way-side chapels, ornamented with images of the Virgin, and bunches of fresh flowers. Monte Cavi rose on the left across the lake, and Albano town lay below, into which they drove about seven o'clock.

It was impossible to decide which was the best

Locanda to put up at, as Mr. Thornton meant to stay a week at least, in this neighborhood, and Vincenzo, to whom he deputed it, was not easily satisfied ; he left the carriage standing, while he rushed up and down the narrow street, from one Inn to another : poor little May began to be tired at last, and the others felt the chilliness of the evening, before the fastidious artiste chose to allow them to dismount.

Hattie had already made a little excursion through an arch-way, close to them, and came back to the carriage to say it led to a Paradise, where all the sky was gold ! she said too that she was afraid to stay, lest she should go a little further in and never see her friends again ; “ for you know, Uncle, I should not be happy, even in Eden, without you.”

“ Oh Hattie,” said Will, “ don’t be sentimental, I’m too hungry for that sort of thing.”

“ Here comes your friend, who will make you happy, Will ; have you found a place Vincenzo ?” said Helen.

Yes, all was right at last, and they had to carry May up stairs in their arms, who could only be restored by a good cry, some supper and bed.

Vincenzo did the honors up stairs, as well as below, and taught them for the first time that

Roba, meant *the things* for tea, or for anything else ; Kate was always especially delighted at a new phrase.

They all came out of their rooms the next morning into the brightest sunshine, and on the balcony watched the goats, down in the street, waiting to be milked. Uncle Allan was so gay that he actually gave May a dancing and singing lesson before breakfast ; and Hattie could hardly sit still long enough to eat anything ; she kept running out upon the balcony to see if the donkeys were coming, and to examine the peasants, who were beginning their day's trading in little shops, and all along the street.

By nine o'clock a clattering was heard, in the court, and soon all were mounted, with a very amiable looking old guide, named "*Pietro* ;" Uncle Allan rode a horse, so small that he looked like a giant, as he came trotting past the slow donkeys.

Everything was fresh and smiling, as they paced up the street, and reaching the Lake, struck into a lovely wood path, which skirts it for a long distance ; in its silent bosom the shadows were so impressed as to give another shore : along the little path the sweetest flowers abounded, deep blue violets, and the pink cyclamen, called by the

Italians "*Viole pazze*, mad violets," probably from their color, which is sometimes almost red.

Monte Cavi rose majestically, almost from the Lake shore, opposite; while the richly wooded banks were high above their heads. They passed a convent, behind which is a cavern, where prisoners were kept in old Roman times, and climbing higher, they reached *Rocca di Papa*, a little miserable village, perched on a rock, with one steep dirty street; but as if to make up, they caught peeps, between the hovels, of the magnificent distance towards Rome!

They met little girls with narcissus, to sell, which Mr. Thornton bought, and dressed the donkey's ears. Mr. Russel made them all stop on a wide level above the village, telling them it was the camp of Hannibal, famous in history, and then they mounted the ancient triumphal road, which once led to the temple of Jupiter; but is now the abode of Franciscan friars.

The monks were amusing themselves with sawing a huge log, which they seemed to enjoy, as they were very slow about it, and then retreated to sleep; some poor children had followed the donkeys, and Helen gave one of them a silk handkerchief she had round her neck, out of which the little girl made at once a pretty turban;

the poor people, who had followed them all the way up the hill, came every day to the convent for food, although it must be hard for the monks to get any themselves, one would think, on the top of that lonely mountain; but they were not so ready to part with the wine, which our party tried to buy; as they all went to sleep for a long noon nap, with the key in their pockets; and it was impossible to get any of the famous *Vino di Monte Cavi*, till just before it was time to go away.

But what a spot they had to live on; the convent stood on a small level, just at the summit of Monte Cavi; a few great trees, and a garden plot for vegetables covered it, and the world was at their feet! all the Campagna of Rome, bounded by the sea, and the mountains, was spread around; Lake Albano and Nemi, and the beautiful villages, just below; the Islands in the Bay of Naples, lay south; and Rome formed the northern limit of their view!

Here Kate, and even Helen, who was usually, too modest to try, on such a scale, were inspired to sketch; and Hattie wandered from one side to the other, wondering which she liked best; it could take her but a few minutes to measure that little plot, while yet her sight embraced the whole scene of early Roman glory; Hattie's mind did not

dwell upon this, but she felt the influence; and drew her Uncle round to see how beautifully lake Albano lay embosomed in its rich banks; and how near it lake Nemi was seen, with the town perched on a peak above it.

“Shall we certainly go there to-morrow, Uncle?

“Certainly, if the sun shines, Hattie, but here comes our old guide with his bottles at last.”

The monks good-naturedly concluded to wake up in time to prove that their wine was extremely disagreeable in flavor, the only thing not worth the trouble of coming for.

It was fearfully steep, coming down the mount, but nothing happened, till just as they reached a level, in front of a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, Hattie's donkey, chose to fall and throw her over his head, but she always came up on her feet, as her Uncle said, and was not hurt; however, the old man acknowledged at last that the donkey was lame, which put him out of the question for the future, and obliged Pietro to find a better.

About this time Will had gone with some of his friends to travel on horse-back, among the mountains, and it was uncertain, whether he joined them in Rome, or Florence. Hattie missed him sadly, of course.

"I follow wherever I am led,
Knowing so well the leader's hand —
Oh woman, country, woe, not wed,
Loved all the more by earth's male-lands
Laid to their hearts instead !

The lanes which led from Albano, through Genzano, to Nemi, were scented with the heavy sprays of honeysuckle, that hung temptingly over the path, as if asking to be gathered, in the transparent morning, as up through the village and arch-way, to dismount on the bank which surrounds the head of the Lake, our party gayly travelled.

Above their heads, the land rose a hundred feet, covered with trees and the shining Ivy; and all the steep slope, down to the Lake below, was an olive vineyard.

At one spot where two little paths met, there was a plain wooden cross; on it some pious hand had laid roses and violets.

They lingered about, looking at the sea, across the blue distance, or down into Lake Nemi, with its fringe of shadows; and eating their dinner under a projecting crag, or gathering flowers along the bank.

Some little children came and looked at them, but would not speak; sometimes a poor old man,

or young girl, in a red head-dress, would saunter by ; and up from the mill, clear down in the valley, mules laden with grain, and peasants, came climbing slowly ; every object was part of the exquisite picture.

They went away before the sun was low, and travelled down the steep rocky path to the mill, where the stones would roll under the donkey's feet, and Helen would give herself up for lost ; but old Pietro cheered her on.

Lovely was the cultivated valley bordering the Lake, and most enchanting the ascent to Genzano, along the rich bank below the Villa of the Duca Cæsarini, into whose garden, and *casino*, they went.

The family live there in the winter, but in summer move into the Palace, close by, letting the smaller house to strangers ; this is common among noble families in Italy.

The casino stands in a lovely garden, overlooking the Lake, just opposite the village of Nemi, and the girls thought that nothing could be sweeter than such a home for the summer months, only, as Hattie said, "*they* could not afford so much time in any one place ;" but Helen seated herself among the flowers, scattered in the grass-plot, and declared she should like to stay there forever.

They were allowed to walk through the house where everything was just as the family had left it an hour before, when they went for a ride; in the little boudoir, the lady's rings, watch, and other nick-nacks, on the dressing table, with a volume of Miss Edgeworth, translated into Italian, which brought home right before Helen, and made her think she should not be half so much afraid of a Duchess, as she was before.

As they returned, they met in the road the whole family, on fine English horses.

So passed the golden days of this week, among the Alban hills; everywhere nature poured out her treasures of beauty.

Helen made herself acquainted with *Villa Doria*, once "Pompey's Villa;" and decided that it surpassed the *Pamfili Doria* of Rome; the trees more grand, and the views far finer; besides a garden, where the flowers grew as if they liked it; she should certainly choose this, of all the Doria possessions, with its odd entrance from the street, through the arch-way, right into Paradise!

“ Know’st thou the mountain peak ? — the airy bridge
Where loaded mules climb o’er the misty ridge ?
In hollows dwell the serpent’s ancient brood,
The rent crag rushes down the foaming flood ;
Know’st thou the mount ? ”

Soon after leaving Albano, a change began to be observed in the scene around ; little brown villages were perched on the steep mountain peaks, where it seemed impossible ever to climb ; the valleys were wider ; and the little undulations of the Campagna grew into ocean billows. They had left the flowery places of earth, to find another home among the clouds, as they mounted higher into the heart of the hills, which are the glory of Rome,

Parting the mists of dusky gold,
About her Sabine summits rolled.

It was quite dark, before they reached the Inn door, and they could only see that inside the fire was bright, and that a very stout landlady was arranging a table for supper, in a most old-fashioned outer kitchen ; she cooked everything, and brought it herself, with the most delicious good-nature, which was enhanced by the fact that her name was “ *Regina*, ” Queen. “ She shall reign over us, ” exclaimed Uncle Allan, “ and we will

be her loyal subjects, as long as she cooks artichokes so well ; but where's the butter ? ”

Alas ! butter was a thing unknown in that kingdom near the skies ; no cows ever invaded it, and the children of earth must send to Rome, if they could not live without it. *La Regina* offered as a substitute, cheese, softened in hot water !

The sitting-room of this little Inn was above, and was the length of the house, surrounded by small sleeping apartments, and from it a door opened upon a flight of steps outside.

The room occupied by the girls, lay south, toward the Volcian hills ; and when morning came, Kate was the first to look out : Helen cried, “ is it a place to die in ? ”

She answered, “ oh, it is very good, delightful ; ” and then Helen went to the window, and saw the hills far off and near, the soft rich lights, and smiling valley.

Hattie jumped up to look, with her hair flying, and Kate seized a pencil, and sketched them both, as they stood ; and very droll it was.

As soon as they were dressed, they ran down the steps which led to the small level space upon which the *Locanda* stood ; it was a little hill, quite separated from the village of Olevano, which was rather below it, and was crowned by

the ruined castle, overgrown with the graceful Ivy; all the rest was ranges of hills, on every side, and the waves of the Campagna beautifully cultivated. It was a day of changing lights; no settled sunshine, and sometimes the mists would clear, and they saw a village peep out on some high point near; how exciting it was — how they watched for the masses of cloud to break up, and bring a new hill, or little path winding away into the distance, which they had never discovered before.

Some children came and stood under the window once when Hattie was there, with handkerchiefs tied over their heads, very pretty, some of them; and she threw out all the *baiocchi* she could find, which sent them away happy.

The town of Olevano was perhaps the dirtiest they had seen, built on the side of a steep hill; the houses looked more like pig-styes, than dwellings, and the people were shocking; when it had rained, everything seemed turned to mud, women and all, except the fresh Ivy on the ruined castle.

CHAPTER XXII.

HATTIE TO ALFRED.

Tivoli, Wednesday Evening, —

WELL, Alf, I promised you one more letter; and, so long as we are here, safe and sound, I can begin to tell you all our adventures.

Olevano was the last place where Helen wrote to papa, and we were only to stay one day longer. Our padrona told us about a cavern, which she had always heard of, in the hills back of our village; but she never could find it; and Helen and I said we would just try to find the opening, and then we could all explore it together, — but not go far from home.

So in the afternoon Helen and I started first, and told Uncle and the Russels the path to take; well, we went along, picking flowers, and peeping into every crack and crevice, till just as we came to the edge of a wood, I was going to ask Helen if we had n't better stop till Uncle came, when suddenly she took hold of my hand, and told me

to look back ; and there, crouching down behind a great rock, we saw a man looking at us ; he did not move, and I whispered to Helen, " We'd better walk back, — don't run." Helen trembled ; but I thought, after all, it was exactly what I had always wanted, to meet a robber among these mountains !

Then, the next minute, we heard Uncle Allan's voice, and first he came along the path, singing " Old folks at home," and swinging a long trail of clematis in his hand ; Kate came next, and then Mr. Russel ; Helen ran right up to Uncle, and he began to wind the clematis round her neck ; then I caught hold of his arm, and whispered to him to look behind the rock ; you never saw such a change as there was in his face, Alf ; from the smiling look at Helen, it grew so bold and strong, and he seemed all ready to save us from a whole army.

If you were a girl, what would you have done, when five men jumped up from behind the rock, and came all round us ? I don't suppose a boy would care much, but I do think *five* robbers were more than ever I expected to enjoy. Uncle asked very loud, in English, " What is the meaning of this ? " but no one answered, — and then Mr. Russel repeated it in Italian ; one, who was the

1

leader, bowed and said, "they would not hurt us, or rob us, but they wanted the pleasure of our company!"

I knew he said this, because Kate whispered it to Helen and me, after he had done. Then Mr. Russel consulted with Uncle, and said he did not see any way of escape, and we could not make the people at the Locanda hear, either; so he talked some more to the chief robber; and all of a sudden one of the men brought five mules out of the bushes, and signed to us to get on.

They were dressed, the three best looking ones, in loose cloth frocks, with scarlet handkerchiefs on their necks, and large, slouched hats; they were very dark, and had great whiskers and moustaches, and ever so much hair. The other men seemed like the followers of the chief, and did what he ordered; their dress was coarser and wilder, and they had red, pointed caps on.

It seemed so strange for Uncle Allan, and all of us to be minding these men just like prisoners, — but Uncle said to Mr. Russel: "We cannot resist, without arms, and as long as they are peaceable, we can bear it quietly." Then I remembered "Jeanie Deans," that night in the old hut in the woods, and, and how she cheated them, and got away; and I supposed when they were

asleep that Uncle would steal away with us;— and was n't it lucky that Mr. Russel had left May with the Grants in Rome? because they all said this journey would be too hard for her,— so there was nothing to think about at the Inn, except “La Regina,” and she was too fat and good natured, I told Kate, to worry even about us, and perhaps we should find our baggage sometime, just as we left it.

All this time we were going up the mountain-paths, in the direction of the sea, Kate thought, and we all rode in a line, with a robber at each end, and the other men dodging along at our side; but they did not touch us, except when the road was very rough they would guide us a little. Sometimes Uncle would look back and say, “Keep up your courage, young people,” and Mr. Russel said things to make us feel easy, and so long as we were together it seemed a very pleasant way to go towards *Subiaco*, that is, if we ever got there.

The woods grew darker, and I suppose the sun was setting, when we came to a high bluff of rocks, all jumbled together, and the Chief-robber stopped before a great piece of wall, like the side of a castle; then he stooped, and Uncle followed, and my mule went right after through a little

opening ; it was very dark inside the place, and presently one of the men struck a light, and there we all were in a cavern ; you could only see a little way in ; but we had to dismount, and walked after the leader along a narrow passage way, then turned to the right, and then he knocked on the wall. Oh, Alf, I wondered what was coming ; it seemed like the Arabian Nights ; only I thought, perhaps, the genii would turn out bad, and murder us. Kate and Helen and I stood close together, right behind Uncle, and Mr. Russel was behind us ; and then something opened ; and oh, splendor ! if it only makes your eyes shut up to read, as it did mine to see, and then open again, and wonder whether it could be real. We stood in a great hall, blazing and sparkling all over the roof like diamonds and emeralds, and jewels round the walls hanging in great bunches, some white, and others dazzling ; all round the edges were beautiful statues, and plants in flower ; the floor was rocky, and shining too ; in the middle there was a table covered with gilded dishes, and fruits and flowers.

I don't know what any body said ; but we looked, and then walked in further, and saw seats ; and then heard beautiful music, a band of a dozen, Uncle thought.

Of course, Alf, my telling will never make you understand the whole, or how astonished we were, or how we wondered what would come next; but soon the Chief took a seat at the upper end of the table, and motioned to us to sit down; and was n't it strange! there were some different men sitting there too, taller than the two others who were dresssd like the Chief, and they were in real costume,—like the ancient Romans, Mr. Russel said, in togas.

Every thing at the supper was so nice, delicious dishes, even ices, in the enchanted cave! But I had n't much comfort, because I expected the exertion of eating would make me wake up. The head robber did not speak, but the others did, to Mr. Russel and Kate; and the oddest of all was, they asked questions about people in Rome, just as if they did live on the earth, instead of in an Arabian tale.

The music played splendidly, and there was some singing, and one song with a guitar, and Kate suddenly started, and grew so red and then white, 'What is the matter?' asked Helen; but Kate shook her head, and seemed to be listening; then, stranger still, came another song, and oh, Alf, it was the one we children used to sing to mamma, at night, and the words were not Italian; Helen

and I knew that song, and the voice seemed almost like, — I sha n't tell whose, — but I looked at Uncle, and saw him stand right up, and look about in the strangest way ; and then we all jumped up, and in a moment, at a little side-opening, we saw coming, the last person I expected in that robber's cave — Will ! with another gentleman, who went right to Kate !

Uncle seemed to be "struck," as old Kit used to say, and only put his hand on Will's shoulder, and looked at him ; but Helen and I took hold of his hands, and were half crying, and asking him as fast as we could speak, where he came from, and where we were, — and Will looked so amused, and turned to Uncle, who could at last say something ; but before Will could answer, the Chief-robber had changed into Will's Italian friend, *Don Romana*, and explained it all. It was a plan of theirs, when they found we were in the mountains, to take us by surprise, and bring us to the country seat of the Don's father, and they had lighted up the Cave, which belonged to the estate. When we had talked enough, and then looked more at it, they guided us to the Casino out of a back entrance, through a lovely garden where the moon was shining ; every thing in the house was in elegant style ; they had almost stripped the Gal-

lery to ornament the cavern with statues ; but the ladies were away on a journey.

Mamma and all will wonder at the gentleman who went up to Kate ; he was the other robber, an Englishman, whom they had met at Venice, and who heard from Will about the Russels being with us, and he came to join in the joke ; and now I will tell you a secret, though I know Helen would say it is wrong ; but I do believe Kate cares a great deal about Mr. Thorpe, and that is the reason she turned so pale and red when she heard the song ; it would be a shame to have her live in England all her life ; he is very handsome, and we like him ; but he is obliged to go back to England soon, and after Kate has travelled in Switzerland, she is going there too !

Wasn't it a good joke, only I'm afraid it didn't frighten me half enough. I always thought the robbers were too polite ! but oh the enchanted cave ! we shall never see another. In the morning we found our baggage, and a message from La Regina to say, she hoped we should be rescued soon ; and we went all over the house, and rode among the hills. You can imagine, Alf, how Will teased me about my enjoying the robbers so much, and about how he walked close to

us, and he saw me look as if I wanted a chance to get away ; but he said his father did well, and was as wise as usual, to be so still and easy, because you know, if they had been robbers they could have killed us in five minutes ; and it was better to treat them well at first.

We are all to go back to Rome together, and have stopped one night and day at *Subiaco*, where there is a curious old church built into a rock, which was hard enough to get up to, and then we went into the little garden, and the monk gave us each a rose ; but not like a common rose ; a great many years ago a monk lived there, called St. Benedict ; now he is a Saint ; and to punish himself he threw himself into a bank of thorns which used to grow where the garden is now ; only think, Alf, how they must have scratched and torn him ; the monk told us that these roses were the very ones that the thorns turned into after it happened ; so I shall press mine, and see what good it will do me.

Another monk told us, that in the autumn a mark comes on these rose leaves, in the shape of a serpent, which is the Devil's own mark ; what a dreadful thing to do to the innocent leaves ; but you know it might be a worm ! and when I said so to the monk, he turned up his eyes, and





crossed himself, and shook his head, just as if I had said something wicked !

Rome, Friday. — I wrote so far, dear Alfred, at Tivoli; and now I will finish about our travels, and tell you that we are going away to Florence in a few days, which makes us feel very sad when we stop to remember about it.

Subiaco was such a pretty, wild place, and we had such a time getting down from the old Church, because we thought it would be a variety to walk down; part of them went by the road, but Uncle Allan, and Kate, and Will, and I, and the Englishman (Mr. Thorpe, I mean), went through the convent grounds, and at the end there was a real hilly precipice, all rocks and bushes; once I was behind the rest, and my jacket caught behind on a branch; of course, I did n't know it, and gave a jump, when I found I was hung right over the rock, and could just touch it with the tips of my toes;— it was awful, Alf, and all I could do was to scream to the others, but they had got down under the hill and did not hear; but a monk heard me from the top, and came crawling down over the rocks, partly on his hands and knees, with his long, black skirt trailing behind, and a little skull-cap on the top

of his bald head ; he seemed so afraid of getting hurt, and called to some others at the top, who were working in a field ; about six of them crawled after him, and I don't believe they ever went down that way before ! Then I screamed, " Come quicker," I was so afraid my cloth jacket would begin to tear, and then I should tear down too, over the rocks, you know ; but they did not understand, till I said it in Italian, and all they answered was "*Pazienza!*" just as though I could keep hanging on a bush any longer !

At last the whole six scrambled along to me, and were just pulling me up a little, when I saw pop up behind a rock close by, Will's head ; first he looked as if I was the sea-serpent, and then he began to laugh and laugh, till he nearly rolled down the hill again. I called to him to help me, but all he said was, " you've got help enough ;" and when he had done laughing, I was off.

I made Will give the kind monks all the Pauls he had in his pocket ; and then I pretended to be offended with him ; at last though, he got me laughing at the idea of how tremendously funny I looked.

We had a beautiful evening at Tivoli, with the moon-light all over the Falls, and we stood under the white marble columns of the Temple

of Vesta, which is on the high bank. Then the next morning we rode all about the roads, and looked into the awful dark cave of Neptune, where the water rushes through with such a roar. We liked the *Villa D' Este*, and picked roses under the fountain.

We are going to Florence, the long way, by Terni, where the great Falls are; and shall spend Sunday at Perugia, and I dare say Helen will write about it. This week they are blessing all the horses in Rome, and May and I were standing so near the Priest's brush that he sprinkles with, we got a little too; that made the Priest laugh, but I suppose he thought it was good for us!

Dear Alf, you must write to me, and kiss all the children for

HATTIE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LAST WEEK IN ROME.

THE last week in Rome, was a very busy one, there were so many last looks at the favorite places, and some shopping, which was left till the end, because it was so hard to decide just what was best for each one; Hattie walked up and down the *Via Condotti*, the street of jewellers, many times, before she was quite sure that a pin of the four doves resting on the edge of a basin, cut in cameo, was the prettiest thing for one little sister, and a ring for the other, because Lizzie had a fancy for rings.

Helen selected a very long Roman scarf, in gay colors, for her mother, and they both chose a real Roman lamp for Uncle Allan's library table, which was to surprise him after his return.

"What shall we give Mr. Russel," said Hattie; "I should admire to tease him with some odd thing; you know we mean to get a keepsake for

Kate, because some day she will go to England and leave us."

It was impossible to find just what Hattie wanted, and she contented her desire to present Mr. Russel with a bit of antiquity, by getting a small Etruscan lamp of yellow clay, which looked just as if it had been dug out of Pompeii; it was not nearly as ugly as she hoped, but sufficiently aged.

"What is a Beatification, Uncle?" asked Helen one morning, of this last week. "Francesca told me that there is to be one at St. Peter's, to-night, and all I can understand is, that it's to be the most splendid illumination we ever saw!"

Mr. Thornton had heard nothing of this, and they had to wait for Mr. Russel to tell them, when he came; of course he would know, and of course he did, and explained that this is a ceremony which happens before a saint is made, sometimes three hundred years before, because it takes so long in the Romish church to collect all the evidence which is required, to prove that a person is good enough to be a saint.

'This person, who was to be offered as worthy to be sainted, was a young peasant girl, in some

village of France, and there was a little book, that he would get for them to translate, which would show them how good and lovely she was.

The girls promised to read the story, and their Uncle promised to go to the ceremony; which was the only occasion on which they saw St. Peter's illuminated, and it was a spectacle they never forgot.

The choir, behind the high altar, was lighted by innumerable candles, and on one side hung a large painting, of a young girl standing among her sheep, holding in her left hand her apron full of flowers, while her right hand and her sweet face, were raised to heaven. When the Pope entered, instead of being carried about the church in his chair, he came up to the picture, and knelt before it, and there remained at his devotions.

After Helen and Hattie went home, they found the book which Mr. Russel had sent, and begged Kate, who translated the Italian freely, to read the story to them.

"Germana Cousin," was a poor little girl, whose mother died, and her father married a woman who was cruel to her: so cruel that she drove her away from home, to tend sheep in the woods and fields, all winter and summer; although she was lame, and feeble: this child nev-

er complained, but went cheerfully every morning, with a few crusts of bread, which was all her food.

She had a heart so full of love to God, and all the creatures he has made, that she tried to please him always, by her patience in these sufferings, and her kindness towards others who were poor like herself; she every day shared her dry crusts with them, and talked sweetly to them of the love of God.

Helen could not help shedding tears, as Kate read on, of this heroic child, and Hattie was so impatient to see if nothing better was coming to her, that she looked over Kate's shoulder, and made frequent exclamations of sympathy, and wonder, at such cruel treatment.

"What is this, Kate," she cried; "read this, the first miracle; no wonder they made her a saint; oh, hear, Helen!"

"Her mother-in-law, believing that Germana gave alms to the poor people every day, began to suspect that she secretly took a great quantity of bread from the house; and full of angry feelings, she determined one morning to follow her to the fields, to surprise her in the act, and punish her severely. Hardly had she reached the place, where Germana pastured her sheep, when

she began to abuse her with evil words : and drawing near with anger she pulled the apron, which the child held up at the sides, and in which she had truly put some little bits of bread, to give to the poor.

“But what was her consternation, when instead of bread, there fell to the earth a mass of fresh and most beautiful flowers, never seen in that place, and which could not have been found at that season, for it was the depth of winter.”

Kate stopped as she finished this, and said she had read enough for this time ; they would finish it the next day — and they all talked about the beautiful miracle of the flowers, and about this blessed child, who is called “La Beata ;” Hattie wished she could ever be so patient, when little trials came, and then said she would have made her a saint in the church, because she was so good ; and not because of the miracles.

Kate reminded her, that the miracles proved to others that she was worthy to be a saint ; and Hattie peeped into the book once more, to see if the mother was more kind, afterwards.

“Yes, I can just make it out enough to see that Germana was treated better ; but oh, Helen, one morning they found she was dead ! and then quantities of people flocked to see her body,

and they believed she cured all their diseases; well, I'm glad I have seen her beatified, as they call it; oh, how good she was!"

There was one day, when all the houses in Rome were blessed by the Priests; and while our friends were sitting at the dinner table, Thomas asked leave, that a Priest should pass through, to the rooms beyond; this was granted, and a young man came in, dressed in a black robe, with a little pot and brush in his hand, with which he sprinkled everything, except the dinner! Flowers were also laid on the tables, about the house.

The last night they passed in Rome was luckily bright moon-light, and as the legend says, if you drink from the fountain of Trevi, on such a night, you will return to Rome, it was considered essential by the young people to go, and drink to a return; but Uncle Allan declared he was sleepy, and did not believe half he heard about anything, so he would stay at home. The fountain of Trevi represents Neptune in his car, drawn by horses, and surrounded by water-gods. The water is conducted by a great many pipes, and dashes in every direction over the stones meant to imitate rocks, into an immense basin;

the whole is built against the wall of a handsome Palace.

In order to catch the water among the little falls, the girls had to step over the rocks, where it was difficult to escape a good wetting.

"I am sure one drink is enough," said Helen, "and I don't quite believe in it either!"

"Oh I do," cried Hattie, "because I heard a lady say she came back, when she didn't want to, just because she drank it; but see how I've wet my strings, Helen, after all!"

"It doesn't matter, you can get a new pair in Florence."

"I do feel very melancholy, Helen," exclaimed Hattie, while they were dressing the next morning, "this is our last chance in the garden; see how fresh it looks; do you expect to like Florence, Helen?"

"I can't tell how it will seem to be away from Rome; I should not wonder if we are homesick; should you?"

"No indeed," answered Hattie, as they ran down to gather a bunch of the beautiful flowers. Possibly the fishes in the basin under the fountain might miss the crumbs they had always received from them!

The tall oleanders were in full perfection, covered with tufts of deep pink blossoms; and the orange trees, trained along the wall, which Helen had so earnestly watched for, were scenting the whole garden.

"I know the old man at the corner of the *Quattro Fontane* will miss us; who will take bread and *ricotta*,* to him now?" said Hattie.

"We had better stay here and live," replied Helen, "and have mamma, and all of them come and live too;" — but just then the breakfast bell rang, and soon after the carriage and saddle-horses came to the door, and they were off, through Piazza di Spagna, and by the Porta del Popolo, and now: —

"The gate is closed — the air without is drear,
Look back! the dome! gorgeous in sunlight still —
The dome is gone — gone seems the heaven with it."

* Ricotta, is a kind of soft cheese, brought into Rome fresh, every morning, on large green leaves.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE JOURNEY.

THE first day's ride was not interesting, after losing sight of Monte Soracte, the last of the Sabine range ; and the girls were sleepy and tired, after the fatigue of the past few days. Their route was by the way of Perugia, and would take perhaps a week. Mr. Russel and Will had their horses, and as there was a side-saddle, the girls could ride Will's poney, that is, Hattie could, who had no fears, and was used to him ; the others preferred Mr. Russel's more sedate animal.

The first really fine scenery was at "*Narni*," which stands beautifully on a hill-side, overlooking a wide valley and mountain range ; a broad stone wall protected the road opposite the Locanda, and there was a seat, before which everything was spread out, like a picture ; it was rather alarming to see small boys stretch themselves to sleep on the top of this wall, below

which was a precipice of a hundred feet! but they seemed used to it, and Helen gave up watching lest they should slip off in a bad dream, because she was soon after taken up with a fight between the driver of a *Vettura*, and a soldier, who was one of his passengers; at last the soldier drew his sword, and perhaps he would have stabbed the *Vetturino*, had not Mr. Thornton's coachman rushed in and separated them; and in a very short time they were starting off together, on their journey again.

Will lost this exciting scene, because he had gone off with the other gentlemen, to the famous ancient bridge of Augustus; he said, he wished he had been there, he would let them fight it out!

"And let the man be killed," said Helen; "I am sure, I would have stopped them, if nobody else had!" how they all laughed at the idea of the gentle Helen in such a predicament.

After dinner, they all started for "*Terni*," and the girls sat in the coupée; the views were splendid as they approached the town, which lies prettily among the hills; as soon as they reached Terni, they had two light carriages to take them to see the celebrated "Falls," and for the first time they were driven by a postilion, who sat on the left hand horse, holding the reins of the other;

he wore a red velvet jacket, monstrous boots, and a pointed hat with a feather, which Will declared made him look exactly like the monkey which rides the poney at menageries; the postilion bobs up and down with the motion of the hard trotter he is on, which adds to the oddity of it.

As they rattled along, in the little open carriages, two or three women on donkeys turned out of a side road, and kept along by their side; presently one of them offered May a bunch of flowers, and Hattie was very curious to know what they meant by such attentions; at a bend in the road, the women turned off, and the carriages wound up some long hills, and left our party near the Falls; in passing through a little gate, they were followed by a miserable set of people, begging, and wishing to sell every kind of thing; little bunches of grasses, stones, and at last one old man presented his basket to Hattie, with one orange, and three spires of asparagus, as big as a knitting needle.

Hattie did not know whether to laugh or cry, but her Uncle produced some half pails, and she was able to buy the orange, at least; just as they came near the falls, they were surprised by the donkey women, who had taken a short cut, and

now wanted to let their donkeys for the descent, which was said to be very steep.

The cascade is on a grand scale, broad and high, but owing to late rains, it was a dingy yellow, and the spray that it threw off in flakes of foam, resembled very much bunches of dirty cotton wool; the scenery is fine; hills, rocks, and lofty trees, with a wide valley, stretching back to Terni.

The girls were well enough mounted, except Kate, whose saddle was too large, and pitched her forward; but her donkey woman was so pretty and had such a sweet voice, that Kate felt persuaded she would keep her on; only once in a narrow, winding path, over some sharp rocks, she came quite on the creature's neck, and gave herself up for lost; she did however stick on a few minutes longer, and then jumped off, much to the woman's surprise; Kate gave her a fine linen pocket handkerchief, which was all she had just then; and the donkeys left them, when they met the carriage at a little village, some miles from Terni; the following of the beggars was dreadful; it seemed as if nothing would stop them.

The next day's journey took them to Foligno; the scenery was beautiful, wooded hills and rich

valleys; and a high mountain to cross, where they took two yoke of oxen! Foligno is prettily situated among the hills, and was the cleanest town they had seen; it had a busy, thrifty look, and the houses pleased them, because they were built of marble of various colors, which gave them a gay aspect; there were some very old walls among the more modern buildings; there is a fine painting by Raphael in Rome, which was found here, and is called the "Madonna di Foligno;" the people here looked more intelligent, but still there were too many beggars.

The next thing of interest was the Cathedral at *Sta Maria degli Angeli*, where they stopped; here St. Francis of Assisi founded his order, and Helen looked with awe into the little cell and chapel, where the holy man spent many hours: they are preserved just under the dome, and are almost the only part of the former church that was not destroyed by an earthquake.

Mr. Thornton put the girls into a very odd sort of wagon, with one seat and a rope bottom, covered with straw; the driver walked behind!

Assisi, the town to which they were going, stands at the top of a high hill, and is famous for its churches, built one over another, at different periods; the lower one is early Gothic, and

contains the tomb of St. Francis; the low arches extend over a large space, giving a mysterious gloom, as you look through, and are richly ornamented with marbles, and fresco-paintings.

They had climbed through the narrow lanes to the very top of the town, when a tremendous sky, black as night, drove them down again to the wagon, and as it had already begun to rain, the two elderly gentlemen hung on behind, while the driver stood on the shaft and made the horse gallop all the way down to the village.

Earthquakes are very common near Assisi; there had been one a few days before, which knocked down a convent and two or three houses, and uncle Allan advised a speedy departure from a place so suspicious. It was necessary to take oxen again for the hill three miles long, up to Perugia; and they had to stop in the rain to peep into an Etruscan tomb, off the road, which Hattie declared was nothing but a second edition of that at Veii, and she would not leave the carriage, while the others plodded through the mud, across two or three fields.

The tomb must have been interesting before they stripped it to enrich a museum, and contains eleven chambers!

They all appeared at the carriage in about an

hour, and the stout oxen tugged up the endless hill, upon the top of which the city of Perugia has perhaps the grandest site in Italy, commanding an immense extent of picturesque country.

They drove to an Inn, which looked like a fortress outside, and like a degenerated palace within; the rooms were so lofty, walls covered with old pictures, and as Hattie said the next morning, it seemed as if they ought to be grandees, the hangings were so rich; in one room green satin, and walls to match, in another crimson, with heavy panellings and everything stately.

The Sunday was given to Perugia, and they were fortunate in finding service at the Cathedral, where they went in; a noble organ, and fine voices: some other interesting churches, and the best works of Perugino, the master of Raphael, are here.

The city is clean and interesting, and has many fine buildings; at the highest point there is a mall, from which the magnificent valley is seen on every side, full of cultivated lands rising here and there in little elevations; villages in the distance, large churches on the outskirts; everything wide, rich, and Italian looking: as our party reached this height, the bells for vespers were

chiming, and they said to each other they should never forget Perugia.

The rest of the journey to Florence was pleasant; a few things occurred, that may be worth relating, such as meeting a Priest at a little town, who came up to the carriage, and asked very anxiously if they were from Rome, and then inquired for the Pope's health; very much, as Kate said, as if he thought they had been staying with his holiness. They stopped to dine at a little Locanda, outside the ancient city of Cortona, where there are only left grand masses of wall, to show what has been. At this Inn, it was curious to observe the change in the appearance of things; they were waited on by a woman for the first time at table, who had blue eyes, and light brown hair, and was so like an American woman in her ways, that Kate tried to make her speak English, and confess her country; the trays were standing on the tables against the wall, and the lamps covered with muslin, in our New England fashion.

All along the road a change was visible in the habits of the people; there was more tidiness, and industry; it was pleasant to see a woman with the large flapping Tuscan hat to shelter her head and eyes, sitting by the road-side with a basket of stockings to mend, and singing all the time; yet after

all it was less Italian, and savored more of northern climes, than the soft black eyes, and sweet melodious voices of the Campagna farther south: blue eyes seemed to abound, the women grew plainer, though the children were often handsome; and as they approached Florence, there was something decidedly nasal in the speech.

At a village on the last day but one, where the street was narrow and they could not help seeing into the opposite houses, the girls were much amused by the neighbors; young women and old, and quantities of children of all sizes, filled every window of the tall houses; one lady had company for the afternoon, and another looked like an unhappy dress-maker; there was a girl of twelve, whom Helen pitied, who had the charge of several younger ones, and of course was martyred; all the children paid great attention to the travellers, who sat in the balcony, and attacked May chiefly, with the usual appeal; "*Signorina date me qualche cosa*, — give me something," to which she always screamed back, "*non c'è niente*, — I have not anything!"

They were rather astonished to be helped up some hills, at intervals, by a donkey and two cows! and Will sometimes for a joke hitched his pony in front of all.

CHAPTER XXV.

FLORENCE.

SHELLEY says —

“ Florence ! beneath the sun,
Of cities, fairest one ”—

and our friends were also ready to exclaim, in more prosaic style, that she was worthy to be called the “ beautiful,” as the sun came out after a day of rain, and showed the city lying cradled in the villas, and vineyards which extend up the hill-sides to *Fiesoli*, *Bellosguardo*, and other noble heights.

Florence is divided, through its length, by the river Arno, which is crossed by several bridges, and they approached it so as to get a view of the whole for a short time, before the high walls brought every thing to a level, and they passed through the Porta Romana, and soon reached a large Hotel on the Lung Arno.

“ Right over the river,” cried Hattie, “ oh, what a funny idea to build houses all along the bridge ; look, Kate ! ” It was the “ *Ponte Vecchio*,” or

Jewellers' bridge, because the first story of the houses, on both sides, is filled with jewelry. "And further up," said Helen, "we can see the country, and garden, and that tall church; the other way, three more bridges, and trees in the distance."

"But look opposite, Helen, at the high houses, eight stories, I can count; and little steps down to the river. I declare, there is a net hanging over a balcony; and a Priest on it, too; it's the oddest jumble, isn't it, Kate?"

So Hattie ran on, till everybody left her to go to dinner, and then she went, also; and after they were sufficiently refreshed, they walked out to see the city a little before dark.

Florence is a much more bustling, business place than Rome, and yet not so foreign looking as Naples; it is, perhaps, like our own cities, in its busy life; the people are more shrewd, and it is a trifle cleaner than farther south. The streets are often very narrow, although two or three thoroughfares are wide, and well paved; all the cross streets are lined with shops, and lead often into one of the large Piazzas.

Our party came very unexpectedly through one of the smaller ones, upon the Piazza of the Duomo, where is the celebrated group of the Church; Campanile, or bell tower; and the Baptistery.

No one can imagine how startling and impressive is the effect produced by the first sight of this "Campanile," built by "Giotto," a great artist, many years ago, in 1334. He was commanded to produce a building which should surpass any that the Greeks and Romans had ever raised ; it must be higher and richer than anything of theirs. "This tower, which stands close to the Cathedral, is square, between two and three hundred feet high, and contains four stories, the tallest being the basement, and upper one ; the windows of the upper story are rather the largest of either ; the architecture is called the 'Italian Gothic,' and unites simple forms with the most exquisite richness of ornament."

Mr. Thornton, and the others, were caught as by a spell, in the midst of their talk and laughter, at the first sight of this magnificent structure ; it seemed to take them up out of the busy life of the Piazza into a region of silence ; they could only stand close against the railing of the Baptistery, and gaze up at it, beginning at the heavy base, all covered with wrought ornament, partly white, and partly changed by time into rich colors,— up, higher and higher, where the windows come, with more even of the beautiful

work, making it light and airy, to the fine finish at the very top.

"I cannot decide," said Kate, which I feel most about, the grandeur of the proportions, or the delicate tracery of the marble — it is wonderful!"

"It tires my neck," said poor little May, who always thought it was proper to give a portion of her attention to what the others were looking at.

"I don't wonder," answered Hattie, "such an atom as you are, trying to look all the way up that giant; but won't it tire your feet more to walk up to the top, May?"

"What, *outside*, Hattie?" inquired this small victim of sight seeing.

Hattie and Uncle Allan laughed so much at this that it was voted well to try the inside at least, while their spirits were so good, and it was quite a pull even for active young limbs to go up all those little steps, some of them much worn away with constant travel.

When they came out on the top, they were well repaid by the view of the city, and all the country round. An Italian poet says, "that if all the villas and palaces around Florence were brought near together, they would make two Romes!" and from this height they com-

manded the entire circuit of hills, covered with fine country seats, and rich vineyards, among which Florence lies, in an oval basin.

May first discovered the life on the house tops, and called the others to look at a little group, who had taken their seats,— a woman and some children,— on a flat roof just beneath. There was a table and bench, and some plants, and as the sun declined, it was a cool place for supper, very likely ;— people in America do not often take tea on the top of a house, but it is not a bad place for catching the breeze, and has a sociable look to one's neighbors up in the air.

"Do you know, girls," exclaimed Hattie, the day after their arrival, "that this is Ascension day, and a great Festa? so the cook told me this morning, and all Florence is going to the '*Cas-cine*,' to eat and have music!"

"I am sure," said Helen, "it's lucky for us, that you pick up everything about a Festa; I never know when there is anything in particular."

"Because you are too dreamy, Helen, and always staring at the views, or buildings; but let us go shopping first, and buy new bonnets; ours are too shabby; and then we can hunt up a dress-maker, Miss somebody, Annie told me about; oh,

Murray ! he is as good as a directory ; I can look her out in him ! ”

Murray mentioned every trade and profession, except the one Hattie wanted, but she said she could find out at the shops ; so they started off before the sun was so glaring on the pavement of the Lung’ Arno as to put their eyes out, and soon came into the *straw* street, where every variety of bonnet and hat, slippers, bags, baskets, and mats are to be bought at very low prices.

In Rome, there is not much shopping to be done for the pleasure of it, except in getting *presents* of the peculiar manufactures of the place ; the shops are dingy, and there are better things to do ; but in Florence it is quite entertaining, to visit the street for straw articles, *Via Porta Rossa* ; or to peep into the jewellers’ shops on the *Ponte Vecchio*.

Our young ladies very soon made a choice, as there was a great deal to be done beside ; and discovered the dress-maker ; they took Thomas with them in this first search, who proved a good hand, and carried them to the best silk store, which is nearly a mile from the river, in *Piazza Antonia*, quite out of the way, and not at all like a shop ; there the silk is made which comes to America, and if you choose to order your dress,

you can select the colors, which they show you in great bunches; but the girls wanted light summer silks, and were soon pleased with very pretty ones, for which they paid four pauls, or forty cents a yard; they then drove, — having jumped into a carriage, — to the dress-maker's, and that was settled in half an hour; and it would cost a dollar for each dress!

“Thomas,” said Hattie, after all was over, “tell the man to drive us round by the Cathedral, and then to the flower market; let us carry home a great bunch to Uncle!”

The *Piazza del Duomo* is very large and imposing, from the three grand buildings in the centre; the Cathedral itself, has a fine dome, only second to St. Peter's; and the interior is very large, — the four broad arches, on each side of the nave, making it seem still larger; there the girls saw the first really beautiful stained windows; everything else is dark and solemn in the church.

After they had walked about the church, they drove through the flower market, filled with every variety of delicious plants, and bought a quantity, which Helen could arrange in a new basket, as they drove along, through some dark shady streets into their own blazing street, — and stopping, ran up the long flight of stone stairs into the drawing-

room, where Mr. Thornton still sat busied with his letters for home.

“Look, Uncle!” they cried, and threw a handful of roses over his head, burying his letters in them; he stopped them with kisses, and gave up his letters to eat some dinner, and then start for the *Cascine*!

The Cascine, or dairy farms of the Grand Duke, make a pleasant drive about a mile out of Florence, and as this was the Festa of the Ascension of the Virgin, all the long streets which lead in that direction were crowded with the people in holiday dress, hurrying out to hear the Austrian band, and enjoy themselves under the lofty trees.

Our friends joined the multitude at a snail’s pace. There were already so many carriages of all kinds full of gay English strangers, with whom this drive round the Cascine was a regular habit of every afternoon.

“Uncle, they are playing now,” cried Hattie; “why does the man drive on?”

“O, I suppose it’s the custom to go on in a line this way,” he replied; “and then stop as we return, to hear the music; this is very pretty, certainly, this road between the river and the woods, quite like our own woods, children!”

“I do believe you like Florence better than

Rome, Uncle," said Helen, "at least you praise the country more!"

"Yes, it's more like home; I have a home feeling when I see these gentle slopes covered with trees, like my orchard at the farm."

"Only your trees don't bear olives, uncle; but see, we are turning round to the other side of the wood, and now we know all about the Cascine," exclaimed Hattie.

The horses passed swiftly over the fine hard road (and through the whole length of Italy the roads are perfect), and soon took them back to the spot where, in a sort of mall or park, the people had collected in crowds to hear the music, and stare at those in the open carriages, which were drawn up in lines, just outside the railing.

"What beautiful flowers," cried Kate, as a flower-girl, in a large flapping hat, offered a bunch on her side; "I must have them!" and she took with both hands the sweet mass of carnations, roses and orange-blossoms, for which she paid ten cents!

And now another stood at Helen's elbow, with the loveliest rosebuds only, of three colors — white, pink, and straw-color. Uncle Allan filled their laps, and then proposed another turn, if they did not mean to be buried in Italian roses,

“although it would be a sweet embalming,” he concluded, as they drove away.

The music of the Austrian band was fine, rather from the excellence of the instruments, than from the selection, which was ordinary; too often the case on public occasions.

“Well, girls,” said their Uncle, the next morning, “what is to be done to-day—Galleries, Boboli garden, or Villas?—I am quite at your service.”

“That’s good, Uncle,” cried Hattie; “yesterday morning we could not get you away from those business letters! What shall we do to amuse Uncle, Kate?”

It was decided at last that they should look at the Mosaic works a little, before anything else.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HATTIE TO MARGARET.

PERHAPS you will like as well to hear what we are doing in Florence, dear Margie, as about any other place. To-day we have been, first to the mosaics, to see how they are made, and then to the best shop for them, and uncle gave us each a pin! I never saw him take such a fancy to any jewelry before; in Rome he did not look much at the Cameos or the mosaics either, made of little bits of stones; but these are beautiful flowers, joined in much larger pieces, and almost always orange flowers or jasmine; but Helen found a wild rose, with a few leaves, and we were saying how we admired it, when Uncle looked too, and it seemed as if he could not take his eyes off; then he put it against Helen's dress, and then pinned it in, and said it was hers; and afterwards he told me to choose the one I liked best, so I took one quite different, with one little blue flower and a white bud, with long green leaves.

We often say how curious it is to see the things that are made in each place ; gold and silver work in Genoa, corals in Naples, mosaics, and cameos, and bronzes, in Rome ; and here, these other mosaics and pearl ornaments ; a lady told us that sometimes when a Florentine girl is married, all she has of any value is a pearl necklace ; is not that strange ? I admire to have these beautiful things belong to each place ; it is so different buying bonnets here, when you remember they are braided by the peasants up among the hills at *Fiesole*, where we drove to see the sun set one afternoon, and what a splendid view we had of Villas and orchards, stretching away on every side.

When I told Kate how I felt about these jewels and things, she said there was a sentiment in it, which nothing we have of that sort in America has, because it is only a matter of buying and selling ; but here, she said it made us think of the sea, or the bed of the river, or the hill-side, out of which they dig the bright stones ! Oh it is so pleasant to hear Kate Russel talk about such things ; I can understand what I feel twice as well !

That day after the pins, we went to the Pitti Palace ; up two flights of stairs, into such grand

halls ; pictures all over the walls, and tables of every-colored marble, and chandeliers ; I forget how many halls, or *salas*, as we call them here ! in one line as many as seven, and a great many more in another.

I saw some pictures there I know at home, but these are the real ones ; that one your Aunt has, of Judith holding the head she cut off ; it is here, and the funniest looking little woman was copying it, and the Madonna we have in mamma's dressing room, sitting in the chair holding the little Jesus, with John looking up ; it is so beautiful to see the painting ; the name in the catalogue is "*Madonna del Seggiola*."

Afterwards we went to the Uffizzi Gallery, but it's useless for me to try to tell you anything about it ; there are so many pictures and statues, and I only looked much at the things in a small round hall, called the Tribune. Oh Madge, such a ceiling ! it arched over our heads like a dome, and was inlaid with mother of pearl, and was so rich. One picture, I looked at a great deal, called "*Madonna del Cardellino*," because of the
• goldfinch on the hand of the little child, as he is standing just before the Virgin in the garden, and she looks so sweet ; Kate goes every day to see this

gallery; we saw a great many people copying, and some of them are ladies.

I forgot the terrible head of the Medusa, which has been cut off, and out of its mouth comes a blue vapor, then snakes and toads all in the hair; that is by "*Leonardo da Vinci*," and you will know about him as I did, because we read his life, last winter, in that nice book called "*Modern Painters*."

It makes me think and learn more to be with Kate, and hear her talk to Helen, and I take more notice than I did at first, but perhaps it won't interest you much though.

Last Sunday we went into Santa Annunciata, where there was a Festa we never saw before; the *Contadine*, came in from the country, dressed in white muslins with veils, and long sashes, to bring offerings of oil; they looked like brides; but wasn't it a pity that a hard shower came up, they must have got so dirty going home.

A very pleasant gentleman we knew in Rome, came to see us in the evening; and he is so good-natured, that he does not mind the trouble of travelling at all, and begged us all to join his party to Venice; Uncle said he must have enough of his own; but he answered, "oh no, sir, I have

only got to take fourteen trunks, four grown up people, two children, a baby, and two nurses!" how it made us laugh; but it's true, and he doesn't keep a courier, and never gets nervous!

One day in the gallery I saw a lady with a large straw bonnet and white shawl, and when I could get a peep at the face, it was Mrs. Kemble! She had a sad accident in Rome; riding over the Campagna her horse fell, and hurt her arm very badly; some peasants saw her and took her home on a litter; now she is going to England.

I have been to the Boboli gardens three or four times; there are so many paths, you might get lost, and it is hilly, with high box borders like walls; in one place there is a large lawn with great trees, and the banks high, where the children run up and down; May was shy at first, but I pushed her and a dear little black-eyed Italian, down the hill together; and they got acquainted by the time they reached the bottom, and came up taking hold of hands; she said her name was "*Carlotta*," Charlotte.

Isn't it kind in the Grand Duke to let everybody spend the whole day in his own garden, twice a week? — Thursday and Sunday, and if you get a permit, you may go every day; and then it's so near for us, just across the Jewellers'

bridge ; and a little way on, and there is the great stone wall of the Pitti Palace, the biggest stones you ever saw, left all rough ;— you just go through the gate, and you are in the gardens, and there are besides fountains and flowers, and a pond ; oh I wish we had it at home !

Sunday.— To-day is Whit-Sunday, and we went in the morning to a grand ceremony at the Cathedral, where the Austrian band played ; there was such a crowd, and it never was still a minute ; we stood in chairs up against the wall. The Grand Duke came in a carriage drawn by six horses, and the Duchess wore diamonds in her hair ; but the ceremonies did not compare to Rome !

In the afternoon we went to make a call, and who should walk in but Mr. and Mrs. Browning ! and they seemed pleased to see us, and asked us to visit them at “ *Casa Guidi* ;” that is the only place good enough to see them in, Helen says, and she is so excited, that Uncle laughs of course, but says we may go.

Monday.— Such a charming walk as we had to-day, out of Porta Miniato, up the *Via Crucis*, which means “the way of the Cross,” a steep, stone-paved path ; and on one side are altars, called the stations, all along till you reach the church

at the top; and we saw poor people kneeling before them, sometimes a bunch of flowers was hanging before the picture of the Virgin, which is built into the wall by the side of the path.

Near the top is a fine old church, St. Miniato, made of black and white marble; but it is not used now, and a woman brought the keys, and showed us the inside; from the steps you look down into Florence — such a splendid view; and we picked some roses growing wild in the hedge, double roses, and very sweet.

Inside the church we saw beautiful stone carving of leaves and flowers; Kate said it made her think of some lines she had always liked; and I liked them too, and now she is repeating them for me to copy.

“And there
The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy and pine,
Like winter leaves o’ergrown by moulded snow,
Seemed only not to move and grow,
Because the crystal silence of the air
Weighed on their life;”——

Perhaps you will laugh, Madge, at my sending you poetry!

Wednesday. — We have been with Uncle to a Studio, where there is a new machine for taking likenesses; Uncle sat down in an arm-chair, and

a frame covered with spikes was put so close up to his head that I was afraid to look ; it seemed as if they would spike him ; and they can tell by it just the distances on the face or all over the person : the artist said he could get a likeness in a day with it, and it saves so many sittings ; Uncle tried to persuade us to try it ; he said he should like to have our heads in his library ; but I will never have mine taken, till I am as handsome as the best-looking Venus.

Helen is a great deal prettier than almost any of the antiquities, and I guess we shall tease her into it, if she can sit behind that horrid machine ; but we shall not be here long enough for the other way of making busts, that takes so much time.

Friday. — Yesterday was the feast of *Corpus Christi*, and we had to get up at half past five to go into a house where we know a lady in *Piazza Trinita*, to see the procession.

It came straggling round the corner of the *Via Rossa* ; there were a great many different orders, with banners and dresses of all sorts of colors, and only a few soldiers ; at last the Grand Duke himself, in white satin, and ever so many train bearers ; then three coaches with six horses each, and all this before breakfast ! wasn't it tiresome ? .

but you would not think so, unless you have got used to processions ; but oh how the bells ring in Florence, almost every hour, I believe ; they ring just as hard as if it was for a fire.

I must tell you, before I forget, the Priests here dress in small-clothes, long coats and high beaver hats, and look a great deal stiffer than they do in Rome, and almost every one talks through his nose — our teacher, at least Mr. Russel's says that even the Grand Duke himself does ; they pronounce "*Casa*," just as if it was spelt "*hasa*."

This morning I was walking with Kate, on the Jewellers' bridge, looking into the cases all along outside the shops, at pearls, and mosaics and rings, when, only think of it, we saw Mr. and Mrs. Browning looking into one too ! they knew us and shook hands, (I wished Helen was there,) and said they hoped we should visit them and take May to see their little boy ; and then they walked on to their house, over the river, which is near the Pitti Palace.

Helen was so envious, at first ; and I made her believe I was going there to spend a whole day !

We took May to Mrs. Browning's, in the real "*Casa Guidi*," which is just like the other houses, only her room has some large, carved book-cases, and tapestry hangings on the walls ; we went

through a stone passage, up stone stairs, into an ante-room, which opens into the *sala* ; I liked that room so much ; it looked rich and old, as if it had been so, Helen said, when the great men lived here, and Florence was free ; but I don't think much of those things.

We asked the little boy to go home and spend the day with May, and I made Helen lead him, he seemed so precious ; I was afraid when we crossed *Ponte Trinita*, they drive so fast ; he has blue eyes, and light curling hair, and a very fair complexion, and he is such a bright little fellow ; once when May had broken his gun, he ran out on the balcony and called to the police in Italian, to come and take her to prison ; but they played together very nicely.

What a long letter, Margie, but I have been lazy about writing it ; we are going to the " Baths of Lucca," next, and I must send this off before it is time to get ready.

Your affectionate

HATTIE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PISA.

ONE morning Will told his cousins that there was to be an illumination at Pisa, in two days, to celebrate the birthday of the Patron Saint.

"Oh, Uncle," cried Hattie, seizing both his hands, "we shall go, sha'n't we?"

"If you can be ready to take it on our way to Lucca; have we quite done with Florence? what do you say, Miss Russel?"

Kate doubted if she should ever be able to say she had done with the Galleries or the Campanile, but this illumination was a rare sight; the river, through the length of the city, a blaze of light, and the city filled with strangers from all quarters.

It was too late to engage rooms, and they must run their chance, with hundreds beside, and perhaps, Hattie hoped, sleep in a little boat on the river.

A last visit to the galleries and gardens, and they were ready to start for Pisa, in the noon train, on the day of the Illumination. The cars were

crowded, and all the roads leading to the station, when they reached the city, thronged; people in carriages, in carts, on donkeys, and on foot, in motion, and eager to get to their journey's end.

Our party took a carriage, and then were obliged to walk the horses through the long streets towards the centre of attraction, which is the Arno; as at Florence, it divides the city, and many rich and noble palaces adorn its banks; here it is wider than at Florence, and the bridges that cross it are less near together.

"Oh, Will," cried Hattie, "see these scaffoldings, built up in front of the houses, — I dare say they are to be lighted up!"

"Of course," Will replied, and called to her to observe the river covered with boats, which were filling with people at the temporary landings, and then pushing off.

Mr. Thornton succeeded in getting two rooms for the night, rather to the disappointment of Hattie, who still preferred the river. Soon after their arrival it was proposed to go out at once upon the river, from which they could see best the process of lighting up.

It was so delightful to get settled at last in a comfortable boat, with cushions all round and a small table in the middle, for supper, as they

found afterwards, and it was so odd to advance slowly among numberless other boats, filled with all sorts of gayly dressed people, talking in all languages.

But as it grew a little darker, lights began to run along the bridges, and dart out from below, close to the water's edge, and then suddenly, at a signal, the great palaces along the streets, on each side, burst into a blaze of glory ; where also many new forms had risen, as if by an enchanter's wand, which daylight would never claim ; churches and towers and domes shot up to the very heavens, armed, at every point, with brilliant jewels, and the city itself had waked from its usual sleep, into a vast murmuring jubilee of sound.

Hattie seemed awed into unusual stillness, as she sat close to her Uncle, and held his hand tight ; the others, sometimes gave a shout of admiration as some new wonder attracted them ; lights also adorned the congregation of boats, ornamented with colors, and beautiful voices began to swell, as the different parties passed each other.

" Is it a dream, Uncle ? " whispered Hattie ; " I shall know if it is real, if you only say something ; ah ! now I'm sure it is, after that pinch ! but what's the use of eating ? "

"No use in the world, if you ar'n't hungry, my child; but I rather think these ices will tempt some of us.

Things more substantial than ices soon covered the table, and Hattie found herself thinking it a very satisfactory reality to be eating supper in a little boat, by the light of a whole city.

About twelve o'clock, Uncle Allen asked how long it was proper to remain boating after midnight; but if he was ever so sleepy, he could not resist Hattie's arms round his neck with a petition to stay and have a fast row, now the river was thinning out; Will joined heartily in the request, and it was near two before they reached the landing, and even then it was brilliant enough to make it seem wicked to leave it for a dark house. Till nearly dawn the girls heard parties arriving, and beautiful choruses must have surprised the birds when they opened their eyes in the neighboring gardens.

Helen and Hattie were stretching eagerly out of the window, which looked up and down the river, long before the rest thought of waking up. Numbers of people were hurrying to the trains for Florence and Leghorn, and the ghosts of palaces were beginning to fade in the light of day. It was a lovely morning, and Helen was

longing to see the Leaning Tower, and Duomo ; while Hattie had set her heart upon Lucca, where they were to stay longer.

“Helen,” she exclaimed at last, “hadn’t we better wake Uncle up ; I do believe he means to sleep all day,—and what has become of Kate ? Oh, I wish something would make a noise !” But Helen, more patient by nature, and more indolent too, was happy enough watching the bustle in the street, and all the signs of life on the river that remained ; she knew there was ever so much to enjoy every moment of the day, and really felt indifferent at what hour Uncle Allan should choose to appear, so long as he came sometime.

Presently they felt an arm round their necks, and a hearty kiss on each cheek, with a “what in the world, children, possessed you to open your eyes for these two hours ?”

“Why Uncle, we are not sleepy.” “But let us eat breakfast, and go right to see the sights,” answered Hattie.

“You are a voracious traveller, Hattie ; I never saw your equal for going !”

“Well, Uncle, I want to get through Pisa, so as to be at the *Bagni*, as soon as we can.”

“Oh, I remember, the Baths of Lucca, that

.

Miss Grant talked so much about, and the hills and donkeys" — "And figs," interrupted Hattie; "Miss Grant said that their garden at the 'Villa,' was the loveliest corner in Italy; don't you want to get there, Uncle?"

"I shall when I have seen Pisa, Hattie; have you forgotten the famous buildings, and the prison, where Count Ugolino suffered?"

After breakfast, and that was at just twelve o'clock, they drove to the Cathedral, and saw the Leaning Tower, which did lean more than Hattie expected, and which all but Will declined to climb, considering, after all, they felt a little less lively than usual.

Will reported the ascent to be very much like a ship in a storm, leaning first one way, and then the other; but he said he could see all over creation, when he got to the top.

The Cathedral interested them less than others they had seen, although very rich; and they found the cool cloisters of the Campo Santo a grateful resting place; the fine gothic windows, beautifully ornamented in stone carvings, and the old frescoes, were a great attraction for the elder ones.

May insisted upon racing up and down the long passages, and Kate was guilty of stealing a

handful of sacred earth, which came from Jerusalem, for Catholic friends at home.

Lucca, at last! — the next morning, a short distance from Pisa, by railroad; the hills growing higher, and the city pleasantly surrounded by a fine promenade, covered with stately trees.

The travellers enjoyed two days there, when Hattie began a long account of her experiences, which may be the best description of those fascinating regions.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BAGNI DI LUCCA.

June, —

DEAR MAMMA,

I shall begin with telling you about one thing we saw in the city of Lucca; in a small chapel at the end of a church, I forget the name; there was a scene in wax-work; the figures of Mary and Joseph, as large as life, sitting in chairs.

The Virgin was dressed in pink satin, and a large lace veil falling back of her gold crown, all covered with jewels; hands and arms with jewels, and in her lap she held the little child Jesus; Joseph wore a calico dressing gown: between them were three wise men, and they were dolls only two feet high, in cloth surtouts, and straw hats under their arms.

In the two front corners, were dolls with flaxen curls, and they were angels.

I did not see how the people could kneel down and kiss the glass; they do such strange things

here, which are called religion, but Uncle says they may have more love in their hearts, than we can guess.

The Priests and altar boys in some churches wore long scarlet surtouts!

We only stayed two days at Lucca, and then we drove in open carriages to the *Bagni*,—and you can't think how beautiful it was; all the road so green with flowers and vines, and high hills covered with chestnut trees; the peasants we met, almost always had a flower stuck in their hats; sometimes roses and carnations. The mountains were so steep and all green, and we passed such a grand bridge, called "Ponte Madelina," which had one very high arch and some small ones, and it is so steep to the top that only men and donkeys can cross it; Mr. Russel told us it was said to be an old Roman bridge,—and we kept driving along the bank of the river, till we came to houses, and there we crossed "Ponte Seraglio," and that was the name of the first village at the *Bagni*; people were standing on balconies at the corner of the bridge, and we saw parties of English all in hats, and some on donkeys; over the bridge was a square, with shops and the Post office, and we turned up the road to the right, up a hill along the river; and oh, mamma, such beau-

tiful hills on both sides of us, with little villages on the top, the river and the road on each side of it between the hills, and high trees hanging over us; I could not help screaming out, sometimes; and then we turned up to the left, a very, very steep paved road, where we passed the English church, which looks just like a house, with a little garden round it; and they told us the Roman Catholics did not allow it to look like a church, which would hurt the English people's feelings we thought, they are so proud; and all so clean, mamma, you never saw anything so clean in America; this part is called the "Villa;" the village is close to the river, but we were going up this high hill to some houses they let to strangers; and wasn't it queer that we should have to get out, just in front of the Prince of Parma's Palace, and walk up a little sort of lane behind it, where no carriage can go, it is so steep, and all paved too; our house was behind the Palace, and there are only a few more near us; but by the time we got here, it was too dusky to see the hills; and now it is evening, and I have been all over the house, and we have fixed upon our rooms.

It is called *Villa Rustici Grande*!

Our Padrona is such a kind person, and she is

English ; but she married an Italian named Barsantini, and here she was when we came, with a supper for us, and everything ready ; she lives in a small house next to this. I mean to tell you something every evening when I am not too tired ; and now good night, dear mamma.

Thursday. — This morning, mamma, when I looked out, I was surprised, because it was a great deal prettier even than I expected — Helen and I sleep in the upper room, and can see more than anybody.

Right in front are beautiful hills, with paths running along the sides, and a few houses on the steep parts ; and one is bright pink, ever so high up ; — between one small hill and these large ones, there is a broad level place, where the people plant vegetables and such things, and it has paved paths running in every direction ; it seems like a lake in the hills, only it is land.

Our hill is not small either, I can tell you, because Helen and I made a little Barsantini girl show us the way up to the top before breakfast, up to the "*Croce di ferro*," which means the Iron cross, which is planted at the top ; and I picked a branch from the little oak that hangs over it, to press for you ; it is in a square, fenced

in with trees, and you can stand there and see all the chains of hills on every side.

The little girl told us the names of some villages we saw; one is *Lugliano*, on the peak of a mountain just across the river, and then round the corner of another big hill is *Benabio*; they look so nice perched up there in the clouds; on the west, is *Bagni caldi*, and that is the little village where the hot baths are, and where the Duke's Palace is.

The river *Serchio* winds round the foot of our hill up by the "Villa," and behind the hills, and we saw a pretty stone bridge that crosses at the village; then we raced down the steep path, and saw a beautiful bank covered with trees, that leads all the way round to the *Bagni caldi*; we picked some flowers; and found the family seated at the breakfast table, and on the table there were cherries and pears, and a great dish of figs! large purple figs, all bursting open at the top, and we stripped the skin down, and then they are so sweet and cool, and delicious; ever so much better than the little green figs we had at Gibraltar.

Dear Uncle, he is so good, and thinks of just what we like. While we were gone to walk, he told "Barsantini" to engage some donkeys,





Page 247.

BAGNE DE LUCCA.

and they were to come every morning and afternoon; and there they were, before we were ready; I do believe, in Italy, the people and donkeys have nothing to do but attend to strangers. My donkey is mouse-colored, and Helen's is dark brown; and May has got the most cunning little black one, with a Spanish saddle with a high back, so that she can't fall off.

When I was looking at my mousey, I gave him a bit of bread, and then the next minute he put his nose into my pocket, where there was some more, so I let him pull it out. Such a grand ride as we had, first down the steep place, so slippery, round the Prince of Parma's Palace; and to Ponte Seraglio, all the way under the Locust trees—in flower; then across the bridge, and up the road by the river three miles, as far as that high bridge, called Ponte Diavolo. We crossed it and came back the other side of the river, to where the road turns up to *Bagni Caldi*,—and that is all laid out, like a country-seat; the road just like an avenue, keeps turning sharp corners, and you see more and more; and there are little seats to stop and rest upon, and look at the views, and high trees all the way, and woody places, till at last we came to the Grand Duke's Palace, and rode right through a part of the wall under an

arch, and saw his soldiers and servants about, and his carriage and four horses.

The place where the baths are, and the boarding houses, are altogether in a pretty place, with a steep bank down to the bottom, and the hills spread out just across! Oh, such a place, mamma, I do n't believe Switzerland will be better, do you?

Always in the morning when we look out at the window, there are our donkeys fastened by the wall, waiting for us; and we ride off before breakfast; everything looks so fresh; I do believe the people are all good, too, mamma; Kate says she should not be afraid to stay out all night among the hills.

Well, yesterday we thought we would go to some nice place and stay all day, and May and the dinner went in a *Portantino*, a chair, which two men carried on poles.

Prato Fiorito, which means flowery meadow, was the place we went to; it is where travellers go,—but it is so hard to tell about the lovely paths. First, we were up at five, and ate as much breakfast as we could, and then we started; but Uncle said he was not quite so distracted as to stay all day roaming on a donkey, or sitting on the side of a hill, so he promised to take a

little pony and come to meet us after dinner; our guides were "Eugenio," one of our *Padrona's* boys, and a man, who owns Kate's donkey.

Now, dear mamma, cannot you see us starting, all so happy and cool, with one basket full of figs, and cherries, and raspberries, and in the other, meat and eggs, and bread and butter? Uncle fixed us, and I told him how much better it would be for him to go too; but he only laughed and tried to get up a gape!

Then we turned up to the left, by the bath-house, into the path which runs round one side of our hill, high above the meadows, and so nicely shaded by great trees; it leads all the way to *Bagni Caldi*, and is such a pleasant walk. At last we turned off to the right, and began to go up an awfully steep place, through the woods, and then we had got among the hills which are opposite our house; once we had to go right up a path covered with great rocks, which were loose and would roll away, and that made our donkeys scramble, and I expected to be jerked down among the stones.

When we came to a little chapel high up in the hills, and had made some turns, I told Kate that I did n't believe Uncle would ever find his way, because he liked better to go without a guide;

so we tore some strips of paper from Helen's sketch-book, and wrote "This way to *Prato Fiorito*," and stuck sticks through them, and put the sticks wherever there was a turn; but then I thought, perhaps we did not begin soon enough with these blazes, as they call the signals; after that, we crossed a wide, green meadow, where the *contadini* were making hay, and oh! there we saw off to the left the marble mountains, which were between us and the sea; and at first, where the sun struck them, we thought it was snow!

But as soon as we had climbed up a long, steep hill-side, with great, bare hills all round, and turned a corner, there was the *Prato Fiorito*! and how do you think it looked? You can never guess what this flowery meadow was, mamma. Why, right in the midst of the gray, rocky mountains, we saw a high hill; it was light green, and shaped like a cone; and oh, wonder, it was covered with all sorts of flowers! It looked like a great green loaf, reaching to the sky!

The guides said that the donkeys could not climb up the hill because it was too smooth for their feet, and we all jumped off, and began to scramble up. Eugenio took care of May; it was so slippery! and then the flowers! they were sprinkled all about in the grass — fringed gentian,

and beautiful purple flowers, blue hare bells, and a great many others; but we did get to the top, and it seemed like a sea of mountains all round us, and far in the distance our *Bagni* hills, — we knew them because they were so green.

It was such fun sliding down, as if we were on the ice; and then we were so hungry; so we mounted the donkeys, and rode to a little grove of trees, the only ones near there, and Helen and I spread our dinner on the grass; and that was twelve o'clock. Our guides were lying under another tree, laughing, and a queer looking old man brought some water from a spring. It seemed like a desert outside of our trees, because everything was rocky, and bare; only the camels had changed into small donkeys; the old man had some knitting in his hand, and he told us he was making socks for his grand-children!

We kept waiting for Uncle, and he did not come; and then I was afraid he had lost his way, and we thought we had better begin to go towards home; — so we put all the figs and bread that were left into the basket, and the flowers into the tin pail that had held the raspberries, so that they would not fade; we had the steep rocky hill to go down, and then there was a splendid bank, with a view which Kate wanted to sketch; but just as

we had nearly reached the end of the bad place, Kate's donkey stumbled, and came down on its knees ; she was not hurt, but the poor little donkey was, and could not walk ; Eugenio said it was too late to go and get another, as it was twelve miles from home. The old man told us we might sleep in his little hut, which was on a chestnut hill, very near ; well, we did n't know what to do — and where was Uncle ?

Kate said she would make a bed for May in the hut, at any rate ; but first we could sit on the beautiful bank and enjoy ourselves, under the oak trees, and watch the boys tending the goats down below ; Helen and she sketched, and I ran about, trying to hear Uncle's horse coming ; May went to sleep under a tree ; and I did n't feel a bit sorry to stay all night in the open air, in that pleasant place ; presently I heard a sound, and there slowly pacing under the trees came Uncle ; in a minute I told him what had happened, and he said a little about trying to get home ; but at last they concluded to send the guide back to bring us another donkey and some breakfast, very early in the morning.

Now was n't it just right, mamma, to get caught so, and make Uncle romantic, when he always laughs at us for not wanting to stay under

a stupid roof? I ran to look at the hut,—it was not where they lived, but only to use in the chestnut gathering, and was almost empty; the old man made beds of grass, and then he said he would bake us some chestnut cakes for supper, and bring us fresh figs from a little garden; he took some chestnut flour out of a chest in one corner, and made a fire on the stones, in the open air; the fig trees were bending low with the heavy branches, from which we could pick the ripe, purple figs; we called the goat boys up from the valley, and bought some milk, which we put into our only pail, and the flowers could lay all night on the edge of a little brook that was singing in the grass.

After Kate and Helen had finished their drawing, and put in the boy with our donkeys, and another boy who came by with a great bundle of sticks on his back, who stopped to stare at us, and then was so surprised to see himself in the picture; we all sat on the grass to eat our supper. Each one of us had a chestnut cake, which was about as large and thick as a buckwheat cake, and very dark brown; it tasted sweet, and seemed a good deal like leather,—but then our old man had nothing to raise it with, you know!

Should not you think it was pleasant to see

the peasants go home from work in the valley, and the cows and goats pass, and then the sun set behind the grand hills? May went to sleep soon on the little grass bed, covered with a shawl, — and we all sat outside, and looked at the stars, and the moon throwing the great shadows, from the hills, all round us; Uncle sang all his songs, and then, when we were sleepy, we laid on the grass; at least Kate and I did. Uncle was afraid to have Helen exposed, so she had a bed in the hut, and he made his close to the door, to guard us all, he said.

In the morning, the first thing we knew was Angelo coming, just at sunrise, with the new donkey, and a great basket of things; and then I begged Uncle to go before breakfast to the *Prato*, because he had not seen it, and I would be his guide; we had a capital time, and he said he was glad I made him go, though he was nearly starved before he got back to the others; after breakfast we rode home, and Uncle Allan thanked us well for leaving the signals, which helped him to find his way.

It is a good many days, dear mamma, since I wrote the long account of our adventures, and ever since we have been doing something plea-

sant; we have been up to *Lugliano* and *Benabio*, on the two big hills we see from our garden; it is very steep getting up to them, and at *Lugliano* we found such a beautiful garden, with a tree in it so thick that a little summer house is built in the branches, and you go up a pair of steps, and peep through the leaves down upon the *Bagni*, and all the hills,—and our hill looked just like an ant hill; there we saw Oleanders as high as peach trees at home.

We had a large party, and going down one of the steep lanes in the village a lady fell directly off of her mule upon the stones, but luckily she was not hurt; one of the girls and I thought we would run all the way down, and we always kept ahead of the others by jumping down the steep banks, instead of winding round the paths, as the others did; oh, it was such fun! We did not get home till late; and then, when we had crossed the bridge at *Ponte Seraglio*, there was a band of music, that plays twice a week for the Grand Duke; and Uncle ordered some chairs right out in the Piazza for us all, and ices from a shop close by, because (isn't it funny?) when the Grand Duchess comes, to spend the summer, all sorts of shop-keepers come from Florence, and bring goods and jewelry, and everything; and all the English

people that board here can get what they want.

Always, in the roads and paths, we meet parties of English children ; sometimes, two on one donkey, with Swiss hats on, and a lady walking. May wears a hat with an open-work edge, that Kate bought in Florence ; and the English ladies often stop, and ask her nurse what her name is. One day, Uncle and I were crossing one of the stone paths that run through the fields down below our house, when a train of horses came ; first, a pretty boy with a red velvet saddle-cloth, and some servants ; and then, in a *portantino*, was the Grand Duchess ; we squeezed right into the bushes, that border all the paths, to let them pass, and, when I had done looking, I turned round, and there was Uncle lying down between two high bushes, perfectly flat, and only his feet sticking out ! Oh, it made me laugh so ; and he said it was all the respect he could show the crown, as there was no room to do anything else ; he is so funny — of course he only did it to amuse me.

Wednesday Evening. — We do have splendid weather, and it's the pleasantest thing in the world after dinner, to sit in our garden, on the top of the broad stone wall, and look down into

the road, on each side of the river, where we see people driving and walking; and then up the hills, that are opposite, which are so near you can see every little farm-house;—but the most beautiful view is up the river, to the *Fabrica*, where there is a gap, between the green hills and some gray mountains behind. We ride that way very often.

Kate always draws in the garden, and we have books, if we like to read; but as good as anything is to talk with a lady, who lives in a cottage by ours, and who has as much right in the garden as we have; but only think, mamma, she was always lame! She never can walk a step; her maid brings her in her arms, and she sits with us every day; but if you could see her face, you would think she could do more than any of us; such a bright, happy face, and her voice is so sweet; she knows every ride about the *Bagni*, and often she rides in her *portantino* with us, and takes us to see how the peasants live among the hills, and once she sent word to one family that she would bring Helen and me to eat supper there.

They were all ready before the door, and they broke branches from the fig trees close by, and in the middle of the table there was a dish of white, soft stuff, that we had to put our spoons into,—

was n't that queer ? Miss Arnold is an English lady, and she is rich, and so good to these poor peasants, they love her very much ; she comes to the Baths every summer, and has a beautiful house in Florence. Once I asked her if she knew Mrs. Browning ; she said, no ; but that, when she was a girl, an uncle of hers used to tell her that Elizabeth Barrett was a pattern for any one to imitate, and she had never forgotten his praises ; but I do n't believe, mamma, that even *she* was a better child than Miss Arnold was.

Thursday. — A Festa day, and we wanted to get some pins, in the form of lizards, to send by a gentleman, who is going to America ; we rode to *Ponte Seraglio*, and found the shops were shut, except one was open a crack ; so I made my donkey go close to the door and put his nose in, which amused the shop-keeper, and he let us have the pins ; is n't that a new kind of shopping ? I must take a donkey home to use in our streets, and put all the things I buy, in the baskets that hang at the sides. That makes me think of a story they tell ; there is a peculiar mark on one kind of donkey, a cross on the back, which they believe has been so ever since the Virgin rode into Egypt ; I saw one marked so !

We are going away to-morrow, and I am so sorry, we are so happy here ; and, I forgot to tell you, the Grants came two days ago, and I know two nice girls besides, — so this morning we said we would have a pic-nic, — over the river, under the trees, right at the foot of the hill that leads up to *Benabio* ; May admires to play there, and pretends to cook in the trunks of the trees, and have parties ; so we said May should give a breakfast for a farewell, and we told the ladies they must come.

We sent over our girl with bread, and butter, and hard eggs ; and Uncle had quantities of fruit in baskets, and then we children went first, — and we let May fix it all, because it was her party.

You cannot think how she flew about, and hid things in the trees ; the air was fresh, and the river seemed to be singing over the stones ; then the grown people came, and were so surprised when May, and Helen, and I handed raspberries and plums on large leaves, — because we did not tell them anything.

Was n't it nice, mamma, when the *contadini* came down the hill, from *Benabio*, with a great load of faggots on their heads, to give them some breakfast ? and the girls sat on the edge of the bank, and looked so pleased ; one is called An-

nunciata, and her parents are very poor, so Helen and I gave her one day some of our clothes, that fitted her exactly; and Uncle has given us some money for our last presents to a few we know best,— dear, kind Uncle Allan!

Well, Mrs. Grant was so amusing about one thing; we had n't much left at last, when an old man came down the hill, and I thought he looked hungry; so I gave him all the plums that were left; and the next person was a young woman with a baby, and Mrs. Grant said, "Hattie, give those plums you had to the baby;" and when I told her about the old man, she said, "what a foolish child you were; old men do not need plums." We thought it so queer to think they would suit a baby better!

Can you imagine, mamma, how pretty it was? a wood all the way up the hill, and we were under the trees, that border the river; then the peasants would peep out among the trees, high up, as far as we could see, and come winding slowly down the path, with their morning load to sell. Some children brought strawberries, which we could buy, but generally it was wood; and almost always they are too poor to own a mule in *Benabio*, so they had to carry it on their heads.

To-morrow we are going away to Venice, and Kate says she believes this will be the last of our Italian life!

CHAPTER XXIX.

VENICE.

THE journey to Venice had been delightful, the coupè of the Diligence being a new experience, as well as riding all night; crossing the Apennines, sometimes drawn by *trotting* oxen, and often with Postilions and six horses.

Hattie opened her eyes finally at three o'clock of the morning they reached Bologna, and found it quite light; she enjoyed the fresh air and rosy color streaking the East; then the Contadine going to their work, carrying fruit and vegetables in heavy baskets, — *canastrini* — on their heads, into the city market; so much life at the hour when she was usually asleep!

In Bologna, they saw some fine pictures, and churches; and hurried on through Padua, taking the train for Venice; and as Kate Russel and May sent home an account of their experiences, we cannot perhaps do better than to read the letters.

Venice, July.

"DEAR AUNTIE,

We went out in the boat yesterday; Kate, Papa, and Mr. Thornton, and all, went further to walk, and Hattie and I came home.

There was such a crowd of people; women passing by with baskets on their heads, and there were men talking, and laughing, and selling things.

The first thing you must know, that when we have a chance, Hattie and I go out to walk before breakfast, and Hattie always puts on her straw hat which she bought in Florence with mine, and I'm sure we see plenty of pigeons. Well, as I was going to say, we went yesterday to the Doge's Palace, and first we saw a great many pictures; and then to the Statue Gallery. There were two funny masks each side of the room, facing each other; they had their mouths open, and great big noses, and such a ugly face!


And next the man led us down stairs, and down stairs, and we came to some little bits of rooms, and these were the prisons. All there was in the room, were two stones with a big board for a bed. And the prisoners that did the worst things, were put in a little room in the corner. And then we went over the Bridge of Sighs; and now I think I must stop.

Your dear May."

“Underneath day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies;”

and we rattle along the iron road, and wonder if it can be the “sea-girt city,” where we behold Spires and Domes rising just across the water, while we make this unceremonious approach.

And then, dear —, soon seated in an Omnibus Gondola, we were shooting down the Grand Canal. This novel style of boat, is very long, and pointed; we sit in two rows of chairs, opposite and very near to each other, and behind each, is a small window. The Gondola turns sharp corners, into side canals, and the Gondolier makes a peculiar cry to warn others of his approach; we passed the houses, with their doorsteps under water, and saw the children taking their evening bath close about us; some very young ones learn-



again at Piazza San Marco, and finding every Hotel full, we took a guide, and found ourselves lost among the narrow alleys which line the smaller canals. At last, we turned into a yard, and mounted two dark staircases, into a set of small rooms, where we must make ourselves at home for the night.

Mine was above the yard, and I was serenaded till two o'clock with the conversation of a party who seemed to be supping there; I heard distinctly some remarks on robbing, and concluded our party was the object; but nothing was taken from me of more value than whatever plunder a swarm of mosquitoes extracted, leaving me the appearance of a scarlet fever patient next morning.

All was made up for, however, by the change at an early hour to the first *piano* on the Grand Canal, where we get views both ways, and see all the life of Venice, floating or flying past, as the mood may be.

We have hired two Gondolas for our stay, and keep them always in waiting. Would not you like to join us in a visit to Piazza San Marco, the largest in Venice, where every evening the whole city seems collected? In the centre is a fine band of music, and plenty of chairs,

and close at hand, ices, etc., from the numerous cafés.

At one end of the square you see the famous Church of St. Mark's, with its high bell tower, and next to it, the Palace of the Doges, with its wonderful carved ornaments. Then in the day-time we glide round the city, stopping at marble steps, to visit galleries and museums. At the Academy, we saw the great "Assumption," by Titian, and other fine pictures.

Ascended the Campanile, from which is a good view of the city, and harbor; counted over twenty Islands very near; there is nothing beautiful about the view except the line of "blue Friuli's mountains," in the distance. The Islands are flat, and covered with ugly buildings.

By moonlight only is it a dream, as once, when we lingered in our Gondola till dawn, and surprised the peasants on their way to market, as they shot across our path. We have shopped on the Rialto, and have bathed at the Lido; which you may not know is a long, narrow strip of sand, separating the Grand Canal from the Adriatic.

All these things are fully enjoyed by Helen and Hattie; but our pleasures are drawing to a close.

I shall travel slowly among the Alps, through

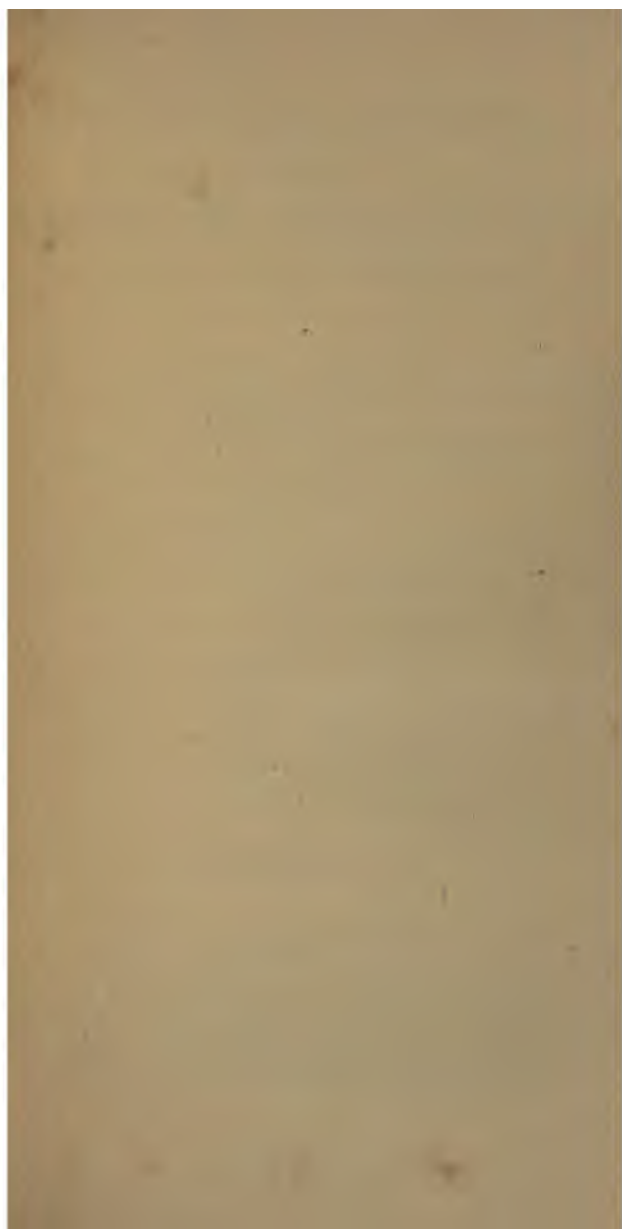
Germany to England, while our friends cross the Tyrol to Vienna; how hard will it be to part from them, and Italy!

“Italy, my Italy!
Open my heart, and you will see
Graved inside of it, ‘Italy!’ ”

THE END.









NEW WORKS AND NEW EDITIONS

PUBLISHED BY

WHITTEMORE, NILES, AND HALL,

No. 114 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Price

Franklin's Works. Edited by JARED SPARKS, LL.D. A New Edition. 10 vols. 8vo. 22 Plates. Cloth.	\$ 15.00
Do. do. Half calf, gilt.	25.00
Do. Life. By JARED SPARKS, LL.D. A New Edition. 1 vol. 8vo. 3 Plates. Cloth.	1.50
Do. do. Half calf, gilt.	2.50

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Klosterheim ; or the Masque. A Novel. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY, Author of "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." With a Biographical Preface, by Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth.	.75
---	-----

"It contains some of the finest tokens of De Quincey's genius." — *Christian Examiner*.

"We have read it at least three times, and still find our mind as chained as ever by the magic genius that glows on every page." — *New York Day-Book*.

"In brilliancy of style, vigor of conception, and skill in the treatment, Klosterheim is worthy of Mr. De Quincey's rich and varied powers. Indeed, the tremendous force of his imagination is more apparent, we think, in this work, than in almost any of his other writings. The Biographical Notice by Dr. Mackenzie is worthy of special commendation." — *Boston Traveller*.

"We do not hesitate to affirm that it is much more readable than some of his best productions, while it is quite as instructive. It would be known at once, if it appeared anonymously, as the work of a man of learning and imaginative power." — *Boston Morning Post*.

"One of the most remarkable productions of one of the most remarkable men of the age." — *J. G. Saxe, in Burlington Sentinel*.

JOHN STERLING.

The Onyx Ring, a Tale. By JOHN STERLING. With a Biographical Preface, by CHARLES HALE. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth.	.75
--	-----

"One of the richest and best productions of a truly good and gifted man, a man in whose praise it is sufficient to say that he gained in his short life the enthusiastic reverence and love of Julius Hare and Thomas Carlyle. This 'onyx' is a true jewel, refreshing to human eyes. The value of the story lies in its pure, deep sympathy with all that is best and most hopeful in human life. By virtue of his magic ring, the hero of the narrative enters into the consciousness of the various men about him, learns their power and their weakness, and is

2 WHITTEMORE, NILES, AND HALL'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

glad at last to be himself, and to do and suffer and rejoice as God meant he should. The light of a sweet, genial, loving spirit streams out from the page, as the mystic brightness gleamed from the gem. Mr. Hale's opening sketch of the author's life will be very useful and acceptable to the general reader." — *Christian Examiner*.

"In fiction Sterling was happy, but deeply philosophic, and the Onyx Ring is filled with gems of thought as brilliant and as enduring as any in our language. Read it, lover of the beautiful, the sublime, the good, — read it, moralist; it conveys a thousand golden ideas, and having read it you will appreciate his character." — *Intelligencer*.

"Those who are not acquainted with Sterling need not hesitate to buy this beautiful creation of his brilliant mind." — *F. D. Huntington, in Monthly Magazine*.

EDMOND ABOUT.

Tolla, a Tale of Modern Rome. By EDMOND ABOUT. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth. .75

"With the glow and passion of Roman life in every page, dealing with a point of morals hard to describe without passing the proper boundaries of domestic romance, this story is as pure in tone as the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'" — *London Athenæum*.

"In style, tone, and incident, it assimilates with the more artistic and pure school of romance; a deep candor of feeling, and a chaste simplicity rare in French writers, make 'Tolla' worthy of a place beside 'Picciola,' 'Monaldi,' 'The Onyx Ring,' and other select works of narrative, grace, and beauty. No analysis of the story would convey an idea of its quiet charm, which can only be fully realized by a perusal of the whole." — *Transcript*.

W. R. ALGER.

The Poetry of the East. By REV. WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. 16mo. Cloth. 2.00

Trifleton Papers. By Trifle and the Editor. 16mo. Cloth. .7

J. G. LOCKHART.

Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by J. G. LOCKHART. With a Biographical Notice. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth. .4

RICHARD HILDRETH.



JOTHAM SEWALL.

Memoir of the Rev. Jotham Sewall, of Chesterville, Maine, with a Portrait. By his Son, Rev. JOTHAM SEWALL. 12mo. Cloth. 1.00

EMERSON DAVIS, D.D., AND MARK HOPKINS, D.D.

The Half-Century: or, A History of Changes that have taken place, and Events that have transpired, between 1800 and 1850. By EMERSON DAVIS, D.D. With an Introduction, by MARK HOPKINS, D.D. 1.00

JOHN WARE, M. D.

Hints to Young Men on the True Relation of the Sexes. By JOHN WARE, M. D. Prepared at the request of a Committee of Gentlemen. 18mo. Flexible cloth. .25

SAMUEL LEECH.

Thirty Years from Home. Being the Experience of Samuel Leech in the British and American Navies, the Merchant Service, &c. 4 Engravings. 18mo. Cloth. .38

L. C. MUNN.

The American Orator: with an Appendix, containing the Declaration of Independence, with the fac-simile of the Autographs of the Signers; the Constitution of the United States; Washington's Farewell Address, and fac-similes of the Autographs of several hundred distinguished Individuals. By L. C. MUNN. Third Edition. 12mo. Cloth. 1.00

DAILY FOOD FOR CHRISTIANS.

Being a Promise and another Scriptural Portion for every Day in the Year.

Best edition, with a steel plate, cloth, paper title,	.10
“ “ “ “ “ “ gilt back,	.15
“ “ “ “ “ “ gilt edges, gilt sides,	.20
“ “ Four steel plates, cloth, full gilt, and gilt edges,	.31
“ “ “ “ morocco,	.38

THE HARPSICORD, OR UNION COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC.

By LEONARD MARSHALL, and HENRY N. STONE. .75

THE HOSANNA.

A New Collection of Church Music. By LEONARD MARSHALL, Author of "The Harpsichord." .75

THE SACRED OFFERING.

A Tableau of Remarkable Incidents in the Old and New Testaments, being a series of Original Articles by Distinguished American Writers. With Illustrations. Large 12mo. Morocco, extra. 1.50
A most beautiful gift-book for all seasons.

JUVENILE.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

Twilight Stories. A New Series of Stories for Children. By Mrs. FOLLEN, Author of "Nursery Songs." With Illustrations from Designs by Billings. 6 vols. Neatly bound and put up in box. 1.50

Or separately, 25 cents each; viz. True Stories about Dogs and Cats. — Made-up Stories. — The Pedler of Dust Sticks. — The Old Garret, Parts I., II., and III.

Little Songs, illustrated with above fifty pictures. Square 16mo. .38

JULIA KAVANAGH.

Saint-Gildas, or the Three Paths. A Story for Boys. By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of "Nathalie." With Illustrations. 16mo. Cloth, gilt. .63

"A very interesting juvenile tale by one of the most popular female writers of modern times." — *New York Commercial Advertiser*.

ANNA HARRIET DRURY.

The Blue Ribbons. A Story of the Last Century. By Miss DRURY, Author of "Friends and Fortune." With Illustrations. 16mo. Cloth, gilt. .50

"This is the history of a little French boy, who raised flowers to sell, and whose grandmother had told him so many Fairy Stories, that he was always wishing and hoping that a Fairy would appear to him, and give him some charm that would relieve his sweet sister, and poor, old, infirm grandmother, of the sore load of poverty that rested upon them. One day he was walking in the royal woods, and thinking (aloud) of what he would do if a Fairy *should* appear, when suddenly the beautiful Queen Marie Antoinette appeared before him, with a little walking wand in her hand. He thought she was a Fairy, and spoke to her as such, and she gave him a bunch of blue ribbons from her dress as a talisman, and bade him wear them when he took his flowers to market next day. Then follow a great many pretty incidents, and some sad ones, all charmingly told, and the story ends at last very happily for everybody, except the poor, beautiful, unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette." — *Little Pilgrim*.

LIZZIE AMORY.



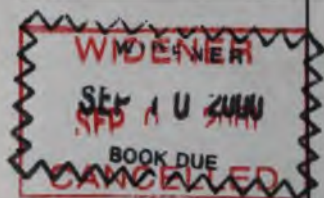




The borrower must return this item on or before the last date stamped below. If another user places a recall for this item, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return.

*Non-receipt of overdue notices does **not** exempt the borrower from overdue fines.*

Harvard College Widener Library Cambridge, MA 02138 617-495-2413
--

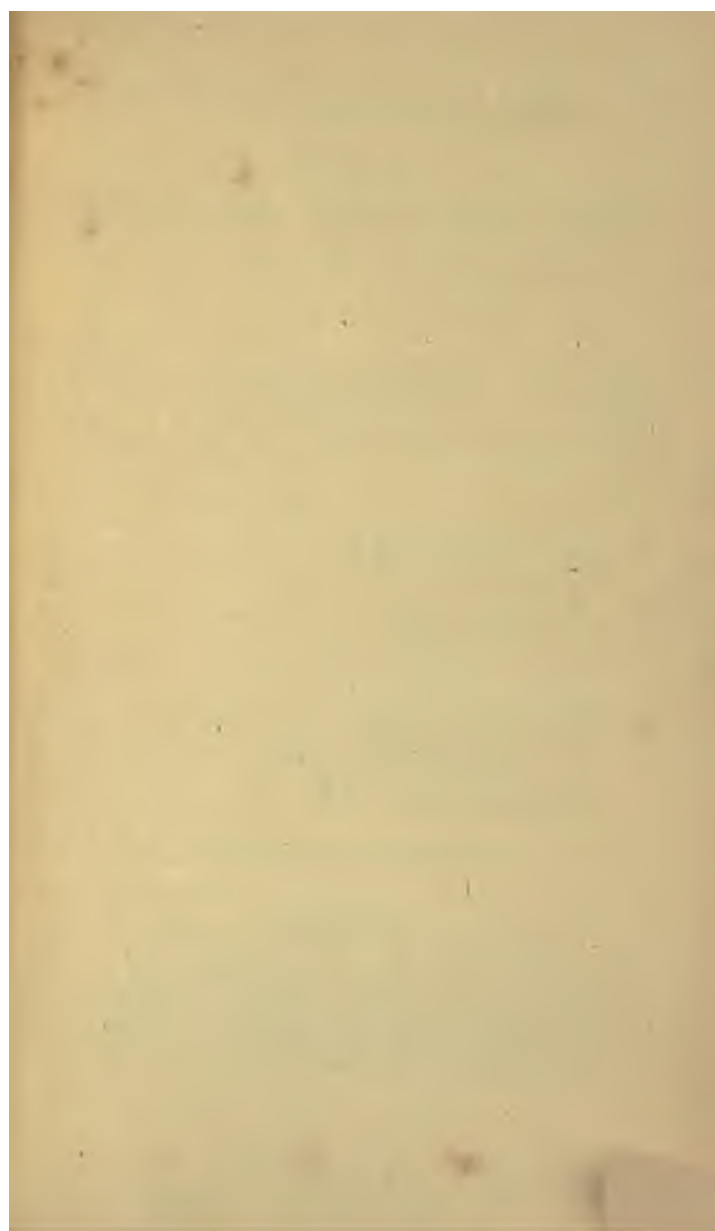


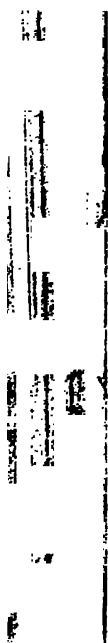
Please handle with care.
Thank you for helping to preserve
library collections at Harvard.











NEW WORKS AND NEW EDITIONS

PUBLISHED BY

WHITTEMORE, NILES, AND HALL,

No. 114 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

PRICE

Franklin's Works. Edited by JARED SPARKS, LL.D. A New Edition. 10 vols. 8vo. 22 Plates. Cloth.			\$ 15.00
Do.	do.	Half calf, gilt.	25.00
Do.	Life. By JARED SPARKS, LL.D. A New Edition. 1 vol. 8vo. 3 Plates. Cloth.		1.50
Do.	do.	Half calf, gilt.	2.50

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Klosterheim ; or the Masque. A Novel. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY, Author of "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." With a Biographical Preface, by Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth.

.75

"It contains some of the finest tokens of De Quincey's genius." — *Christian Examiner*.

"We have read it at least three times, and still find our mind as chained as ever by the magic genius that glows on every page." — *New York Day-Book*.

"In brilliancy of style, vigor of conception, and skill in the treatment, Klosterheim is worthy of Mr. De Quincey's rich and varied powers. Indeed, the tremendous force of his imagination is more apparent, we think, in this work, than in almost any of his other writings. The Biographical Notice by Dr. Mackenzie is worthy of special commendation." — *Boston Traveller*.

"We do not hesitate to affirm that it is much more readable than some of his pet productions, while it is quite as instructive. It would be known at once, if it appeared anonymously, as the work of a man of learning and imaginative power." — *Boston Morning Post*.

"One of the most remarkable productions of one of the most remarkable men of the age." — *J. G. Saxe, in Burlington Sentinel*.

JOHN STERLING.

The Onyx Ring, a Tale. By JOHN STERLING. With a Biographical Preface, by CHARLES HALE. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth.

.75

"One of the richest and best productions of a truly good and gifted man, a man in whose praise it is sufficient to say that he gained in his short life the enthusiastic reverence and love of Julius Hare and Thomas Carlyle. This 'onyx' is a true jewel, refreshing to human eyes. The value of the story lies in its pure, deep sympathy with all that is best and most hopeful in human life. By virtue of his magic ring, the hero of the narrative enters into the consciousness of the various men about him, learns their power and their weakness, and is

2 WHITTEMORE, NILES, AND HALL'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

glad at last to be himself, and to do and suffer and rejoice as God meant he should. The light of a sweet, genial, loving spirit streams out from the page, as the mystic brightness gleamed from the gem. Mr. Hale's opening sketch of the author's life will be very useful and acceptable to the general reader." — *Christian Examiner*.

"In fiction Sterling was happy, but deeply philosophic, and the Onyx Ring is filled with gems of thought as brilliant and as enduring as any in our language. Read it, lover of the beautiful, the sublime, the good, — read it, moralist; it conveys a thousand golden ideas, and having read it you will appreciate his character." — *Intelligencer*.

"Those who are not acquainted with Sterling need not hesitate to buy this beautiful creation of his brilliant mind." — *F. D. Huntington, in Monthly Magazine*.

EDMOND ABOUT.

Tolla, a Tale of Modern Rome. By EDMOND ABOUT. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth. 75

"With the glow and passion of Roman life in every page, dealing with a point of morals hard to describe without passing the proper boundaries of domestic romance, this story is as pure in tone as the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'" — *London Athenæum*.

"In style, tone, and incident, it assimilates with the more artistic and pure school of romance; a deep candor of feeling, and a chaste simplicity rare in French writers, make 'Tolla' worthy of a place beside 'Picciola,' 'Monaldi,' 'The Onyx Ring,' and other select works of narrative, grace, and beauty. No analysis of the story would convey an idea of its quiet charm, which can only be fully realized by a perusal of the whole." — *Transcript*.

W. R. ALGER.

The Poetry of the East. By REV. WILLIAM BOUNSEVILLE ALGER. 16mo. Cloth. 2.00

Trifeton Papers. By Trifle and the Editor. 16mo. Cloth. 7

J. G. LOCKHART.

Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by J. G. LOCKHART. With a Biographical Notice. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth. 1

RICHARD HILDRETH.



JOTHAM SEWALL.

Memoir of the Rev. Jotham Sewall, of Chesterville, Maine, with a Portrait. By his Son, Rev. JOTHAM SEWALL. 12mo. Cloth. 1.00

EMERSON DAVIS, D.D., AND MARK HOPKINS, D.D.

The Half-Century: or, A History of Changes that have taken place, and Events that have transpired, between 1800 and 1850. By EMERSON DAVIS, D.D. With an Introduction, by MARK HOPKINS, D.D. 1.00

JOHN WARE, M. D.

Hints to Young Men on the True Relation of the Sexes. By JOHN WARE, M. D. Prepared at the request of a Committee of Gentlemen. 18mo. Flexible cloth. .25

SAMUEL LEECH.

Thirty Years from Home. Being the Experience of Samuel Leech in the British and American Navies, the Merchant Service, &c. 4 Engravings. 18mo. Cloth. .38

L. C. MUNN.

The American Orator : with an Appendix, containing the Declaration of Independence, with the fac-simile of the Autographs of the Signers ; the Constitution of the United States ; Washington's Farewell Address, and fac-similes of the Autographs of several hundred distinguished Individuals. By L. C. MUNN. Third Edition. 12mo. Cloth. 1.00

DAILY FOOD FOR CHRISTIANS.

Being a Promise and another Scriptural Portion for every Day in the Year.

Best edition, with a steel plate, cloth, paper title,	.10
" " " " " " gilt back,	.15
" " " " " " gilt edges, gilt sides,	.20
" " Four steel plates, cloth, full gilt, and gilt edges,	.31
" " " " " morocco,	.38

THE HARPSICORD, OR UNION COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC.

By LEONARD MARSHALL, and HENRY N. STONE. .75

THE HOSANNA.

A New Collection of Church Music. By LEONARD MARSHALL, Author of "The Harpsichord." .75

THE SACRED OFFERING.

A Tableau of Remarkable Incidents in the Old and New Testaments, being a series of Original Articles by Distinguished American Writers. With Illustrations. Large 12mo. Morocco, extra. 1.50

A most beautiful gift-book for all seasons.

JUVENILE.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

Twilight Stories. A New Series of Stories for Children. By Mrs. FOLLEN, Author of "Nursery Songs." With Illustrations from Designs by Billings. 6 vols. Neatly bound and put up in box. 1.50

Or separately, 25 cents each; viz. True Stories about Dogs and Cats. — Made-up Stories. — The Pedler of Dust Sticks. — The Old Garret, Parts I., II., and III.

Little Songs, illustrated with above fifty pictures. Square 16mo. .38

JULIA KAVANAGH.

Saint-Gildas, or the Three Paths. A Story for Boys. By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of "Nathalie." With Illustrations. 16mo. Cloth, gilt. .68

"A very interesting juvenile tale by one of the most popular female writers of modern times." — *New York Commercial Advertiser*.

ANNA HARRIET DRURY.

The Blue Ribbons. A Story of the Last Century. By Miss DRURY, Author of "Friends and Fortune." With Illustrations. 16mo. Cloth, gilt. .50

"This is the history of a little French boy, who raised flowers to sell, and whose grandmother had told him so many Fairy Stories, that he was always wishing and hoping that a Fairy would appear to him, and give him some charm that would relieve his sweet sister, and poor, old, infirm grandmother, of the sore load of poverty that rested upon them. One day he was walking in the royal woods, and thinking (aloud) of what he would do if a Fairy *should* appear, when suddenly the beautiful Queen Marie Antoinette appeared before him, with a little walking wand in her hand. He thought she was a Fairy, and spoke to her as such, and she gave him a bunch of blue ribbons from her dress as a talisman, and bade him wear them when he took his flowers to market next day. Then follow a great many pretty incidents, and some sad ones, all charmingly told, and the story ends at last very happily for everybody, except the poor, beautiful, unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette." — *Little Pilgrim*.

LIZZIE AMORY.

Little Paul and other Stories. By LIZZIE AMORY. With Illustrations. 16mo. Cloth, gilt. .38

"Containing seven highly interesting stories for children, told in an unambitious style, and inculcating sound moral precepts."

THE SISTERS ABROAD,

Or a Summer in Italy. By a Lady of Boston. Illustrated. 16mo.

ANNE W. ABBOTT.

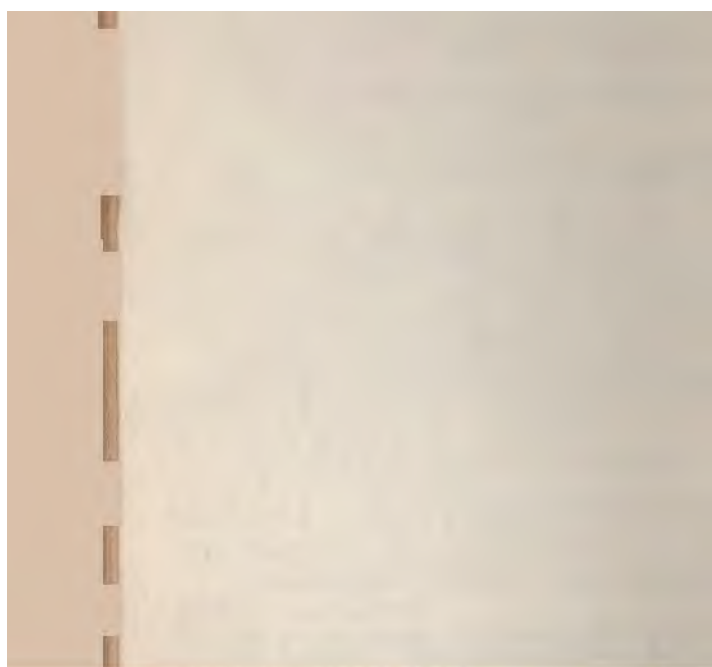
The Evergreen Chaplet. A Collection of Tales for Children. By ANNE W. ABBOTT. With Illustrations. 18mo. Cloth, gilt. .31

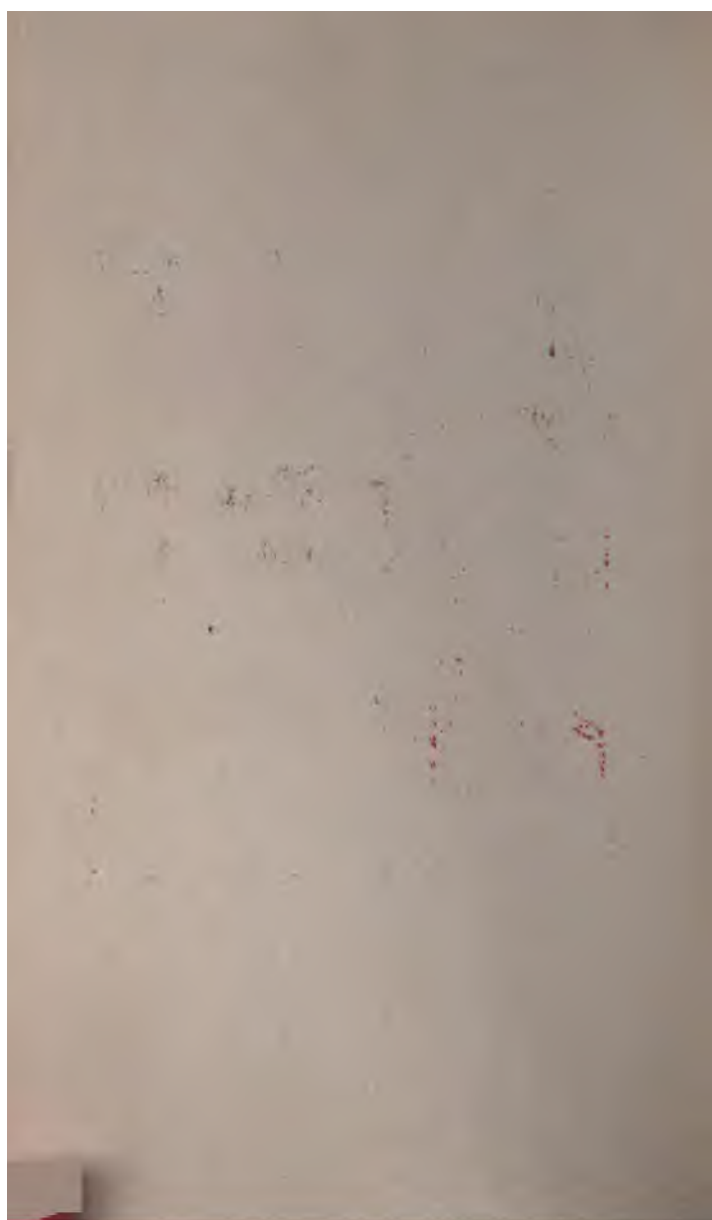
T. D. P. STONE.

Stories to Teach me to Think. A Series of Juvenile Tales. By T. D. P. STONE. With Illustrations. 18mo. Cloth, gilt. .31

THE LIVES OF CELEBRATED CHILDREN.

Abounding in interesting Historical Events. 18mo. Cloth, gilt. .31

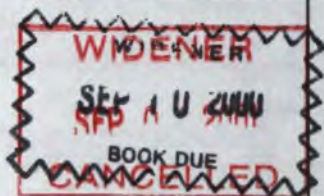




The borrower must return this item on or before the last date stamped below. If another user places a recall for this item, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return.

*Non-receipt of overdue notices does **not** exempt the borrower from overdue fines.*

Harvard College Widener Library Cambridge, MA 02138 617-495-2413
--



Please handle with care.
Thank you for helping to preserve
library collections at Harvard.



